

The Outlook

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THE WAR IN MEXICO: THE OCCUPATION OF VERA CRUZ

With the first shot fired by a Mexican soldier from a housetop in Vera Cruz on April 21, all talk and hope of a pacific blockade came to an end. President Wilson and General Huerta having each declared that the American people and the Mexican people did not purpose war against one another, the forces under the control of the two men began hostilities. The order to our naval forces to occupy Vera Cruz was sent from Washington on April 20; its immediate occasion was the desire to intercept an enormous amount of arms and ammunition on their way to General Huerta. These munitions were on a German ship, the Ypiranga, which was expected to arrive, and actually did arrive, at the port of Vera Cruz on April 21. With our forces in control of the port and custom-house, it would be possible and in accord with international practice to prevent their delivery to Huerta, although neither ship nor arms could be seized while under the German flag.

In accordance with the orders from Washington, Admiral Fletcher, at Vera Cruz, just before noon on Tuesday of last week, landed marines and sailors from the battle-ships Utah and Florida and the transport Prairie and seized the custom-house without immediate opposition. But as the Americans took up positions and trained guns on the Plaza de la Constitucion, the central square of the town, fire was opened by the Mexicans from housetops and soon volleys were fired by the Mexican regular troops and were returned by our men, while the Prairie and the Florida shelled the Mexican position. Admiral Fletcher's first report of the engagement stated that four of our men were killed (later six were reported by name as dead) and twenty wounded, while the Mexican casualties have been loosely estimated at from one to two hundred. The Mexicans retreated and our forces occupied the important positions in the town, including the railway terminals with a

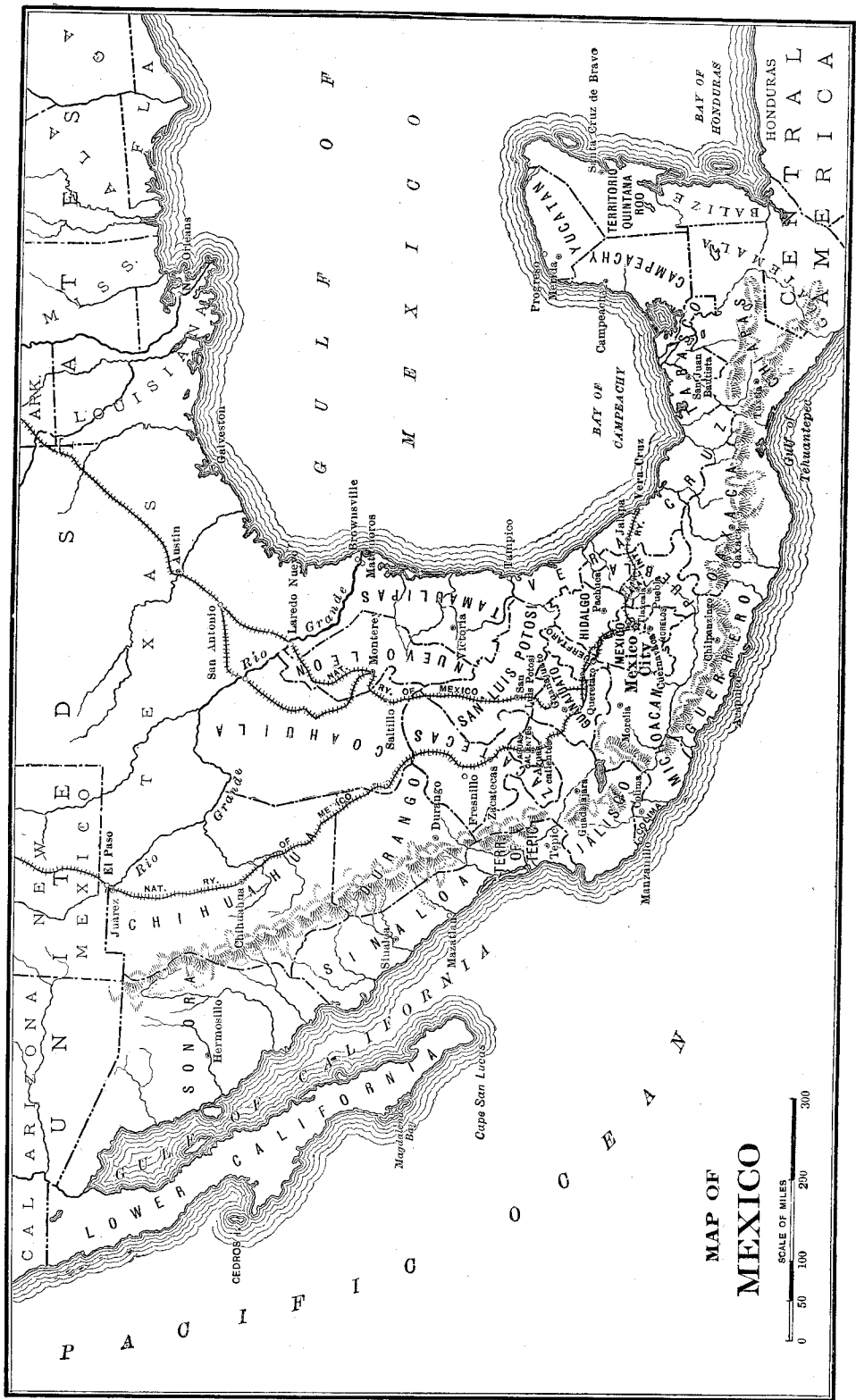
large number of cars and engines, believed to be on the point of removal. Railway communication with Mexico City, of course, at once ceased; it seemed probable that our forces would be pushed forward a few miles to seize an important bridge over a ravine, and undoubtedly the Mexicans have torn up rails and bridges beyond that point. By noon of April 22 the entire town of Vera Cruz was under American control. No non-combatants were injured in the fighting. Admiral Fletcher issued a proclamation assuming military control and assuring the people that law and order would be preserved.

Thus began actual war between the armed forces of the United States and that large part of Mexico which is under the rule of Huerta.

THE WAR IN MEXICO: IN CONGRESS

It is very far from being true, as has been asserted, that with the first bloodshed the debate in Congress over President Wilson's request for a resolution upholding his action became academic. On the contrary, that debate involved fundamental questions and principles, and upon those far-reaching questions we comment editorially elsewhere in this issue. The President's address, delivered in person, as is his custom, related in detail the incident at Tampico described in The Outlook last week—and as to the facts we need here only add that Mr. Wilson maintains and General Huerta denies that the American flag was flying on our boat, while Mr. Wilson maintains that General Huerta refused to render a salute and Huerta declares that he offered a salute but asked for a written agreement as to the ceremonial and the order of firing the salutes. President Wilson's request from Congress was couched in these words:

I come to ask your approval that I should use the armed forces of the United States in such ways and to such an extent as may be neces-



sary to obtain from General Huerta and his adherents the fullest recognition of the rights and dignity of the United States, even amid the distressing conditions now unhappily obtaining in Mexico.

There can in what we do be no thought of aggression or of selfish aggrandizement. We seek to maintain the dignity and authority of the United States only because we wish always to keep our great influence unimpaired for the uses of liberty, both in the United States and wherever else it may be employed for the benefit of mankind.

He had already explained the wording of the request by saying of Huerta :

Only part of the country is under his control. If armed conflict should unhappily come as a result of his attitude of personal resentment toward this Government, we should be fighting only General Huerta and those who adhere to him and give him their support, and our object would be only to restore to the people of the distracted republic the opportunity to set up again their own laws and their own government.

The House of Representatives on the same day (April 20) passed, after an animated debate, by a vote of 337 to 37, a resolution stating, in effect, that the President is justified in the employment of armed forces to enforce his demands upon Huerta for affronts committed by him.

THE WAR IN MEXICO : THE DEBATE IN THE SENATE

But it was in the Senate that the most illuminating discussion on the Mexican situation took place. A substitute for the resolution passed in the lower house was offered. It reads as follows :

Whereas, In view of the fact presented by the President of the United States in his address delivered to the Congress at the joint session on the twentieth day of April, 1914, with regard to certain affronts and indignities committed against the United States in Mexico :

Resolved, That the President is justified in the employment of the armed forces of the United States to enforce his demand for unequivocal amends for affronts and indignities committed against the United States.

Be it further resolved, That the United States disclaims any hostility to the Mexican people or any purpose to make war on them.

Senator Lodge, believing that the preamble was inadequate and incomplete, urged that it be changed so as to include all the causes that justify intervention. In the debate that followed this contention was

maintained in speeches of intense earnestness and the highest order of ability by Senator Lodge and Senator Root. We select from each address a single passage, urging our readers, however, to procure and read the entire debate, which bids fair to be one of the most memorable in American legislative history. Senator Lodge said :

We think not only that the honor of the flag should be maintained, that due atonement should be demanded and enforced from Mexico, but we think that something should be done and said about that which the flag covers. The flag covers the citizens of the United States.

They look to it as the emblem of the great Government and the great Nation to which they avow allegiance and from which they expect protection. More than 150 American citizens—innocent, helpless people—have been murdered upon Mexican soil.

I, for one, when I demand atonement for the insults to the flag at Tampico, cannot put aside those people who have perished in Mexico and whose deaths have gone unnoticed and un-avenged.

I, for one, speaking only for myself as a single Senator of this body, cannot consent at this great crisis to pass by in silence the wrongs which have been done to innocent people unlawfully in another country without declaring that there is another wrong besides the insult to the flag to be atoned, a wrong which must not be and shall not be repeated. . . . I will not, without a protest at least, join in any resolution which can by any construction put the United States in the attitude of selecting one murderer and cutthroat in preference to another murderer and cutthroat.

If we intervene in Mexico, it must be for the protection of American citizens ; it must be in the hope that by our intervention we shall try at least to bring back peace and order to that distracted country, for which we have no feeling but one of friendship. It must not be that we go there to take down one man and set up another.

Senator Root agreed with Senator Lodge, and laid repeated emphasis on the statement that it was folly to go before the world basing our right to intervene in Mexico on a dispute as to how and how far formal amends should be made for the Tampico incident. Senator Root said ;

It is a story of violence and anarchy in Mexico. Lying behind it are hundreds of American lives sacrificed, hundreds of millions of American property destroyed, and thousands of Americans reduced to poverty to-day through the destruction of their property. Lying behind it is the condition of anarchy in Mexico which makes it impossible to secure protection for

American life and property in that country by diplomatic means.

Lying behind it is a condition of affairs in Mexico which makes that country incapable of performing its international obligations. The insult to the flag is but a part—the culmination of a long series of violations of American rights, a long series of violations of those rights which it is the duty of our country to protect. . . .

Lying back of this incident is a condition of affairs in Mexico which absolutely prevents the protection of American life and property except through respect for the American flag. . . .

The real object to be attained by the course which we are asked to approve is not gratification of personal pride. . . . It is the preservation of the power of the United States to protect its citizens under those conditions.

If we omit from the resolution that shall be passed to-night all reference to the matters that are enumerated in this substitute, we omit the real object that forms the justification for our action. Otherwise we would be everlastingly wrong.

In the end the two houses concurred in passing the Senate substitute resolution as printed above, rejecting Senator Lodge's substitute.

THE WAR IN MEXICO:

THE SITUATION IN NORTH MEXICO

So much is public interest the world over centered in the situation at Vera Cruz and Tampico that not enough attention has been given to Villa's victory over the Federal troops at San Pedro, east of Torreon, and between that place and Saltillo. At the same time insurgents moving northwest from Victoria, where there has long been a little army of Constitutionlists (the same that has twice attacked Tampico), have threatened and even attacked Monterey. It is said that the "flower of the Federal army," apart from those trusted troops that guard the capital, was engaged at Torreon and San Pedro; if this is so, the heavy loss by the Federals in both battles would bode ill for the safety of Saltillo and Monterey, and the fall of those places would put Mexico City in serious danger.

But will the Huerta-Villa war continue? There are many who think it quite conceivable that a bargain may be struck between them—say, for a conjecture, Huerta to recognize Carranza as President of North Mexico and Carranza to recognize Huerta as President of South Mexico—and that their two armies should combine to drive out the United States forces. If there is even a

possibility of this, it is no wonder that the people of our border States are protesting against the export from the United States to North Mexico of millions of dollars' worth of arms and ammunition, which in the case supposed might be used against our own armies.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found the first article from Mr. Gregory Mason, the Outlook's special correspondent in northern Mexico. It describes, in what seems to us an illuminating fashion, recent experiences with the Constitutionlists and with General Carranza in person.

FACTS AND CONDITIONS IN MEXICO

There are, it is said, nearly a hundred thousand citizens of this country in Mexico. They have gone thither to engage in various industries—principally gold, silver, and copper mining, but also lumbering, live stock and hides, rubber, railways, oil, manufacturing, commercial, and agricultural enterprises. According to the statement of Mr. Letcher, our Consul at Chihuahua, American interests in Mexico exceed \$1,050,000,000; according to other observers, the sum of our investments in Mexico reaches \$1,200,000,000. This sum is several hundred million dollars greater than the investments of the Mexicans themselves in their own country. It is at least twice as great as the investments of Great Britain, the foreign Power coming next to us in material stake in that country. We also rank overwhelmingly first among the nations in trade with Mexico. Thousands of our citizens there have been reduced to a state of poverty owing to the chaos which has existed, as millions of dollars' worth of their property has been destroyed. They have repeatedly demanded some measure of protection from our Government, since they have been able to obtain none from the governments successively instituted in Mexico.

The citizens of other nations having interests in Mexico have petitioned their respective Governments for similar protection. Of these foreign peoples, the Spaniards are the most largely represented in Mexico. With a tacit observance of the Monroe Doctrine, by which we have practically undertaken to keep order in the Western Hemisphere, the foreign Governments have referred contested claims to the United States for settlement.

The interests of Mexicans themselves have also been gravely threatened. By an overwhelming majority (in the neighborhood of

four-fifths) the inhabitants are Indians, and these remain in almost the same condition as that which has characterized them for centuries. The late President Madero announced that he would institute reforms in the system of labor, by which the Indians have been kept in a state of peonage; in the system of landholding, by which Mexico has been parceled out among a comparatively few great proprietors; in education, so that the mass of the people might have a better chance; and, finally, in elections, so that elections would no longer be shams. These four reforms were rudely frustrated by the assassination of President Madero and by the accession to power of General Huerta.

Military intervention has begun its work at Vera Cruz. The task of occupation would be the harder but for the valuable experience acquired by the army during the past fifteen years in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. Most of our officers now have some knowledge of the Spanish language, and, what is more, some understanding of the Spanish-American temperament and character. One unexpected and gratifying result of our experience in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines has been the finding of excellent material for a constabulary among the natives. In Mexico this experience will doubtless be repeated, and a native constabulary, under our officers, should eventually relieve our army of much of its task of stamping out banditry in the country districts, leaving to our forces chiefly the task of garrisoning the towns.

SWORDS AND PLOWSHARES

It is the habit in too many quarters to regard both the army and the navy in their purely military functions, if we may coin a paradoxical phrase, as superfluous necessities. The prevalence of this sentiment is well illustrated by a resolution recently passed by the United States Senate. In this the Secretary of the Navy is asked to report to Congress a plan for the use of war-ships to carry mail, passengers, and freight to South American ports. In view of this resolution, we suggest that the Secretary of War be requested to report to Congress a plan for equipping our superfluous field artillery with heavy rollers instead of wheels, and of distributing it over the country to aid the Good Roads Movement. The Secretary of the Treasury might be asked to report

on a plan to make his printing-presses and designs for currency available for the manufacturers of wall-papers!

In relation to the particular desire for information expressed in this resolution of the Senate, it might be remarked that the United States Government, through its control of the Panama Railroad Company, is already in possession of steamships plying between this country and the Canal. It would seem to an unprejudiced observer who believes in the economy of using tools adapted to their purpose that the proper plan for meeting the want of transportation to South American ports—if the Government desires to attempt the solution of this problem—would be by the development of the Panama Railroad Company's fleet rather than by the remodeling of war-ships for a task for which they were never intended. Poetically speaking, it may be quite desirable to beat swords into plowshares, but as a matter of expediency, particularly where it will be necessary to beat the plowshares back into swords again whenever an emergency arises, we believe that our Government can afford to provide itself with suitable and special tools both for peace and for war.

MOBILIZING THE NAVY

An example of how perniciously such a project as is described in the previous paragraph would affect the efficiency of our navy may be seen if we can imagine the result had such a plan been in actual operation during the present mobilization of our battle-ships along the coast of Mexico. The suddenness with which the demand for ships came would have precluded all possibility of the refitting of any ship for military service within any reasonable time limit.

As it was, the mobilization of our navy for service on the Mexican coast forms one of the distinctly creditable chapters in our military history. There is every reason to believe that the army is equally well prepared to handle such munitions of war as Congress has given into its charge. Rear-Admiral Victor Blue has recounted some of the incidents of the naval mobilization:

The department in all its branches moved like well-oiled machinery, every part co-ordinating. One giant ship took on 1,800 tons of coal, provisions for 1,000 men for six weeks, huge quantities of various supplies, rounded up officers and men ashore on leave, and was tug-

ging at her anchor waiting only the signal to proceed, in a bare twelve hours.

In the Newport training station just fifteen minutes elapsed after orders arrived before 1,000 men were in complete readiness to embark.

Secretary Daniels wished to charter a large merchant steamer immediately as an auxiliary for the men-of-war off Tampico. Paymaster General Cowie, being instructed to that effect, reported in less than sixty minutes that he had secured the Ward liner *Esperanza*, then at Vera Cruz, and in only ninety minutes the wireless had notified Admiral Fletcher that the *Esperanza* was at his disposal.

It is no criticism of either our officers or of our enlisted men to wonder what would have happened if the navy had been called upon to prepare for battle with a foreign nation possessing fleets more powerful than our own. In the present case no need was felt for the fitting out of ships held in reserve, as would have certainly been the case if war had been declared upon a great naval power. For such an eventuality the United States has neither adequate *matériel* nor a sufficient reserve of trained men. Neither ammunition nor sailors can be created at an instant's notice even from the almost inexhaustible potential resources of the United States. The situation which would have confronted us in the case of a war with a great naval power has been recently discussed in an able series of articles running in the "Scientific American," which we are glad to call to the attention of our readers.

We wonder if out of the hostilities in Mexico the Nation at large will learn the lesson which it has failed to absorb from any of our previous wars, that the time to prepare for battle is during the days of peace.

THE WAR IN COLORADO

"Four Americans killed and twenty wounded," said the despatches from Vera Cruz one morning last week; "Forty-five dead, twenty hurt," said despatches from Colorado in the newspapers of the same morning. War with Mexico must not distract attention from the atrocious war within the limits of the United States—and it is one of the evils of foreign war that its news does make other matters of immense importance seem to receive far less attention than they deserve.

It was literally war in Colorado, not rioting nor street fighting. The reports correctly describe the fighting as a battle. On one

side were ranged two hundred of the State militia; on the other perhaps double that number of the striking miners. The fight was near or on the property of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. Sheltered by rocks, plentifully armed and supplied with ammunition, these miners of several races—Italians, Greeks, Austrians, and others—received the assault of the militia and returned their fire. Reports state that fighting continued through a day and intermittently through a night. The worst horror of this battle is that two-thirds of the killed were women and children, if the reports referred to above are correct. These non-combatants had been gathered for safety in pits dug for the purpose at the Ludlow Camp. The reports say:

The Ludlow Camp is a mass of charred debris, and buried beneath it is a story of horror unparalleled in the history of industrial warfare. In the holes which had been dug for their protection against the rifles' fire the women and children died like trapped rats when the flames swept over them. One pit, uncovered this afternoon, disclosed the bodies of ten children and two women.

What is the cause of this war? One may ask this question in vain, so far as we have observed, from newspapers that give a detailed account of the fighting. Three months ago, when *The Outlook* published an article from a well-informed and fair-minded special correspondent about the Colorado coal strike, we noted that it had been going on for over three months, that fourteen thousand men were said to be on strike, that the district was under martial law, and that twelve hundred State troops had been called out. A Congressional investigation is now going on.

Briefly stated, this vicious, long-continued, and injurious strike has been waged chiefly upon the issue of unionism and non-unionism. Other demands, to be sure, are made by the men, and some of them, we believe, have been recognized by the mine-owners as just. Probably peace could have been established long ago if it were not that the owners of the mines insist upon the "open shop" principle, and that the miners themselves declare that this means, not neutrality between owners and union men, but an anti-union policy on the part of the owners. We do not now discuss the merits of this controversy. It existed in the West Virginia mining war, and it exists in a large majority of all the serious labor troubles of the country. That such a question should be left for its decision to an

industrial war is disgraceful. We cannot do better than to quote upon this point what the correspondent above referred to said as to the conditions in Colorado three months ago—conditions which have evidently grown worse instead of better:

Our State Government sat powerless for weeks watching these forces gather for conflict; and now that the conflict is on, all that we can do is to suppress violence while twelve thousand men and their families suffer, a great industry is almost paralyzed, many related industries are seriously crippled, and the public caused much inconvenience and additional expense in securing one of the necessities of life. We provide for the protection of every property right except that of the capacity to labor. . . . The real bone of contention is recognition of the unions. By far the most conspicuous lesson of this strike can be drawn from the failure of the State and the whole Nation as well to make the securing of industrial and social justice a function of government.

THE NEW PHILIPPINE COMMISSION

As the picture printed on another page graphically shows, the majority on the present Philippine Commission consists of Filipinos. The Outlook has already pointed out the significance of this fact. Heretofore, when Filipino legislators have shown unwisdom, there has been in the islands a safeguard against serious mistakes. For until now the majority of the Philippine Commission, which is the upper branch of the Philippine Legislature, has consisted of Americans who have brought to Philippine problems experience in self-government. Now the whole Legislature is in control of Filipinos. The safeguard, therefore, has been transferred from the islands to Washington, because now the only restraint upon Filipino action is the veto power that rests in Congress and the President.

Moreover, even the American members of the Commission are all inexperienced in Philippine matters. The Governor, the Hon. Francis Burton Harrison, was appointed because the President wanted a Democrat in that office. The selection of a Democrat was due to the present Administration's distrust of those who have heretofore had charge of Philippine affairs. One of the three Americans, however, is not a Democrat. Mr. Winfred T. Denison, a Progressive, who is the present Secretary of the Department of the Interior, succeeding Mr. Dean C. Worcester,

has had the distinction of serving in the Department of Justice at Washington under both a Republican and a Democratic Administration. By selecting him the President was enabled to make a non-partisan appointment without having recourse to a Republican. He has not only a wide and thorough knowledge of the law, but has a broad conception of judicial and administrative functions. He brings to his new and unaccustomed duties an unusual measure of disinterested public spirit. No office in the Philippine Government calls for greater breadth of mind than the one he occupies, for it deals with the complex and difficult land question.

It is too soon to say what effect the grant of the control of the Commission to the Filipinos will have upon the islands; but the Manila "Times," which is not favorably inclined to the Administration and is a severe critic of Governor-General Harrison, testifies that by the responsibility which has been put upon them the Filipino members have been made serious and realize with new force the difficulties and complexities that they face.

A TRAGEDY AVERTED

The attempted assassination of Mayor Mitchel, of New York City, ought to serve as a reminder to the people of this country what they owe to the public servants whom they elect to office.

It was at the luncheon hour of April 17 that Mayor Mitchel, accompanied by the Police Commissioner, Mr. Arthur Woods, and the Corporation Counsel, Mr. Polk, was about to leave the City Hall Park in an automobile, when a shot was fired at the Mayor at close range. Before there was time for another shot there was a brief scuffle and the assailant was thrown to the ground. Commissioner Woods, who seized him, had started forward as soon as he had seen the pistol raised. Partly because of the suddenness of the resistance and partly because the assailant was infirm, the shot missed the Mayor, but it struck and wounded the Corporation Counsel in the face. Fortunately the wound has not so far proved serious.

The would-be assassin, an old man, apparently mentally deficient, had some rambling, incoherent, misspelled letters of his own composition, which indicated that he had some fancied grievances against the Mayor on account of the effort to amend the police laws

and to secure, as Police Commissioner, Colonel Goethals.

It is not difficult to understand why officials in an autocratic or oligarchical government should be subject to assault, but it is not so easy to understand why, in a free country like America, the men whom the people themselves elect should be so frequently the object of attack as they have proved to be. Mayor Mitchel's immediate predecessor was attacked, and undoubtedly the wound he received had much to do with his death. Mr. Roosevelt as a candidate for office was shot and wounded. Three Presidents have been killed by assassins. No man in conspicuous public office can feel himself free from the possibility of such attacks. When the people ask a man to be their servant, they ask him to assume such a risk, and they should remember this in their estimate of his services.

More than that, they owe to their public servants the best possible protection against such possible assaults. Certainly the best possible protection is not now provided. The assailant of Mayor Mitchel was an irresponsible man whose low level of intelligence rendered him a danger to the community. The assailants of other American public men have been likewise of low mentality. Yet we allow such irresponsible, or semi-responsible, human beings to go about unregistered, unrestrained, and unsupervised until they commit some such crime. A community owes it to itself, as well as to its mental defectives, to establish some system of keeping track of them, and, when necessary, of segregating them where they can not only be kept from doing harm, but can be given such training as they are capable of receiving.

Not only the city, but the Nation, has reason for gratitude that Mayor Mitchel escaped. He has undertaken a great work in raising the whole standard of city administration, and if he succeeds he will have made the whole Nation his debtor. Self-government is undergoing a severe test in our cities, and those who help demonstrate that self-government is enduring that test well are performing a task that is essential for the permanence of American institutions.

DRY GOODS AND DRY TOWNS

One of the chief arguments advanced against no-license is that it hurts business. One of the most convincing arguments made

for no-license is that it represents a great economic saving. Between these two statements even a casual observer may notice a somewhat obvious discrepancy. The "Dry Goods Economist," an excellent trade journal, has recently published an article, "Will My Trade Be Hurt If My Town Goes Dry?" In an editorial note accompanying, the "Economist" discusses the reason for this publication. The editor says:

From one cause or another many a merchant thinks he is going to be "up against it" if liquor-selling is cut out in his town. We ourselves have heard statements in a "wet" center as to the dire results that have arisen in a near-by town which had recently gone "dry." The "Economist" holds no brief for or against prohibition, but it occurred to the editor that many of our subscribers would be helped by knowing how the change really does affect the trade. So we asked a merchant, himself "dry" as to his personal habits, but doing a successful business in a town which he describes as "positively saturated," to visit a dry town in his vicinity, make a thorough study of the conditions, and tell our subscribers all about it.

Rockford, Illinois, with fifty-five thousand inhabitants, a large number of them foreign-born, a city which claims to be the second largest in the United States without saloons, was selected for the test. The reporter of the "Economist" visited not only all the dry-goods stores but talked with men in other lines of business as well. His findings make interesting reading. The manager of the largest dry-goods store in town told him: "We don't want to see a change. We have had business men's committees come here to see us, and we have had letters from three hundred municipalities of Illinois. . . . We tell them all that a dry town is good enough for us." Another merchant said, "Rockford is better without the saloons. In a small place things might be different." Even this, however, was flatly contradicted by still another firm operating a chain of stores situated in towns both wet and dry. To this merchant the reporter of the "Economist" said, "Surely you must have lost some trade from here to your wet neighbors, Beloit, Pecatonica, and Belvidere?" "Nothing to it," was the reply. "This talk about losing trade when a town votes dry, that's all a myth." "Some of the men do go out of town," another confessed, "but they are the fellows who have the least money to spend, and they only go Saturday nights, anyhow. If Rockford had saloons, they would be

spending their money in them *every* night." This kind of spending this merchant evidently regarded as of no advantage to business. The best efforts of this investigator failed to discover any one actively engaged in the retail dry-goods business who favored a return to a "wet" city.

On leaving the city the reporter of the "Economist" sat opposite a drummer. Falling into a conversation, the salesman asked to see the data which the investigator had collected. After the drummer had finished reading he asked, "Well, is it wrong or right?"

"You've got it right," answered the drummer.

"You know Rockford?"

"I've sold goods there for fifteen years."

"And how do your customers feel on this wet and dry proposition?"

"I have twenty-eight regular customers," answered the drummer; "twenty-seven of them are dry."

Rockford is apparently still satisfied with its status of being a dry city, for at this spring's election its citizens voted down the wets by an increased majority.

A MATTER OF TASTE

No generation has a monopoly of bad taste, or rather it never has until it is seen in perspective by the more enlightened critics of the generation which follows. Plain maple gives place to mahogany, mahogany to black walnut, black walnut to cast iron and gilded brass; and each change is celebrated by a ripple of laughter that is stilled only by the ridicule of the adherents of a better because newer style.

An illustration of the truth of this statement is to be found in an exhibition now being held in New York City of household furnishings of the decade between 1870 and 1880. In this merciless exhibit are many dear relics of that unforgettable, if not unforgettable, epoch—a zinc Venus de Milo with a clock inserted in her stomach, mustache cups labeled "For Grandpa," a rope-framed lithograph of Washington, a thermometer "appliquéd" upon the handle of a brass parasol, a cataract painted upon a wooden chopping-bowl, the inevitable what-not, china dogs, a velvet-lined bread-toaster, and worsted mottoes highly moral and satisfyingly sentimental.

Of course the present generation that sits (when its clothes permit) in elephantine mission furniture built like a battle-ship and

guaranteed strong enough to serve as a dry-dock; that lives (in high scorn of gingerbread work) in fragile bungalows, surrounded by colonnades of concrete columns that might with great propriety be used as underpinning for the Pyramids; that cannot ride from East Hohonkus to Hohonkus Center without embellishing its "car" with banners enough to outfit the North Atlantic squadron—represents an infinite advance from the trashy taste of 1880. It is strange what benighted heathen we once were. From the artistic to the attic, to the antique, the gamut ranges. The world certainly moves—in circles.

THE CHILDREN'S BUREAU

Somewhat more than a year ago there was established by Act of Congress a new bureau in the Department of Labor entitled the "Children's Bureau." The work of this Bureau was defined by the Act in the following language:

The said Bureau shall investigate and report to said Department upon all matters pertaining to the welfare of children and child-life among all classes of our people, and shall especially investigate the questions of infant mortality, the birth rate, orphanage, juvenile courts, desertion, dangerous occupations, accidents and diseases of children, employment, legislation affecting children in the several States and Territories. But no official, agent, or representative of said Bureau shall, over the objection of the head of the family, enter any house used exclusively as a family residence. The chief of said Bureau may from time to time publish the results of these investigations in such manner and to such extent as may be prescribed by the Secretary of Labor.

Miss Julia C. Lathrop was appointed Chief of this new Bureau. She is a native of Illinois, the daughter of a former Congressman, a graduate of Vassar, and has for nearly twenty years been associated with Miss Jane Addams in the work of Hull House, Chicago. For twelve years she was a member of the Illinois State Board of Charities, and has been for some years Vice-President of the Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy. By birth, education, temperament, and experience she is peculiarly qualified to direct the work which is being done and is to be done by the Children's Bureau. This was the judgment of those best qualified to speak when she was appointed. Her first report, recently issued, justifies this judgment.

Among other things, the Bureau has made

a review of child labor legislation in every State and Territory of the United States. It reports on the actual practices and conditions of child labor. In other words, it gives publicity, after scientific investigation and under the authority of the Government, to the actual facts about child labor in all its aspects.

In her report, Miss Lathrop asks for an appropriation of \$164,000 to carry on the work of the Bureau in 1915. This at best is a small sum for so important a work. More than three times this amount has been appropriated to eradicate hog cholera! The Committee on Appropriations of the House of Representatives cut this sum down to \$25,000. The House itself, however, with a larger and, in our judgment, a more statesmanlike view than its Committee, restored to the Bureau the full appropriation of \$164,000.

It is greatly to be hoped that the Senate will concur in the House action, and that in its concurrence it will clear up an ambiguity in the language used by the House in granting this appropriation. The House, apparently, although we can hardly believe intentionally, limits the expenditure of this appropriation to the investigation of infant mortality and dangerous occupations of children. The Bureau, of course, should be permitted to carry out the work of a complete, thorough, and comprehensive study of, and publicly report on, every phase of child labor. Employers of child workers cannot afford to let it be suggested that they urged their representatives in Congress to limit the activities of the Bureau in studying child labor conditions.

A LECTURE HALL ON WHEELS

Not long ago The Outlook published an account of the introduction on two railways of quick-lunch cars in conjunction with the regular dining-car service, as an extra convenience for the traveling public. Now comes the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, with another example of the modern spirit of the big railways of the country, so antipodal to the old spirit which was summed up in that classic remark of an old-school railway man, "The public be damned!" The Chicago and Northwestern has equipped an ordinary passenger coach as a moving lecture hall, which travels over the entire system of the country twice a year in order that the railway's employees may have an

opportunity thoroughly to familiarize themselves with all signals through stereopticon lectures, that the public may thus be subjected to a minimum of danger from accidents caused by defective signaling or faulty reading of signals.

One-half of the car is given over to the lecture-room, which seats fifty people. In the other half are the living quarters of the instructor, the heating plant, and a dark room and other facilities for the developing of pictures and the making of lantern slides. The car visits all the important points on each division, and at each stop lectures are given twice a day illustrated by pictures taken in the locality in which the pictures are shown, as it has been found that this adds to the interest of the pictures for the employees of the railway, and aids them in understanding the explanations and instructions given.

Every possible signal or interlocking device and all difficulties and unusual problems that may arise to bother employees are fully explained, and the proper course of action in emergencies is impressed upon the men, who have shown that they appreciate the opportunity given to make themselves better all-around railway workers, and consequently higher wage earners.

SAFEGUARDING THE SAVINGS

The worst feature of the Siegel bankruptcy in New York City was the fact that the firm ran a private savings bank in connection with their business, and that as fast as they received their deposits they turned the money into their own business with no reasonable or adequate security, so that, upon the disastrous collapse of the firm, hundreds of people of slender means lost almost all of their money. That such a thing should be possible under the laws of New York State seems almost incredible. But tardy legislation is better than no legislation. We are glad to know that Governor Glynn, of New York, has just signed a new State Banking Law which, among other things, will prevent the recurrence of such an outrage as that just described.

Hereafter depositors in private banks will have the same protection from the law that depositors in savings banks have already enjoyed. It will be illegal for a private banker to convert to his own use the deposits received by him, nor can he loan such moneys to a partnership of which he is a member

or to a corporation in which he is largely interested. A private banker, moreover, will be compelled to keep his banking assets entirely separate from all other accounts, and to give his depositors a first lien upon the investments made with their money. In other ways savings are guarded by the provisions of the new law. Thus savings banks are compelled to set aside a percentage of earnings at each dividend period for a guaranty fund, to carry the bank through in unexpected demands, as in a panic, which might throw it into insolvency; while at the inception of a savings bank enterprise bonds must be given by the incorporators to protect its solvency.

The new banking bill enlarges the functions of State banks and trust companies in some respects, so that now they may, like National banks, make acceptances, issue letters of credit, and maintain branches abroad. These powers are guarded by limitations and restrictions. The new law also harmonizes the State banking legislation with the Federal Reserve Act.

It is perfectly evident that there was pressing need for a new banking law in New York State, and the act just signed appears to meet the requirements of the day. But most welcome and most human are the provisions already noted which will, it is earnestly to be hoped, protect the earnings of workers from such rapacity and unscrupulousness as have been recently so signally illustrated.

A WAR AGAINST RATS

No more significant evidence of the advance in medical science and public sanitation exists than the fact that the bubonic plague, once dreaded with the utmost horror, does not now create public alarm in anything like the measure it once did. About a year and a half ago The Outlook noted the appearance of cases of the bubonic plague in Porto Rico and Cuba, but with the news told also of the prompt measures adopted to prevent the spread of the disease. Those measures were thoroughly effective. Now the disease has appeared again in Havana; but all of the authorities who are competent to judge declare that they do not fear its spread even in the city.

One of the chief reasons for this confidence is the fact that the sanitation of Havana, once a pest-hole and a danger to the United States, is now under the direction of Dr. Guiteras,

who did so much to check and prevent yellow fever epidemics in the South, and who had a long term of experience in the service of the United States Marine Hospital. Dr. Guiteras has been at work on disease problems in Havana for years, and is one of the three or four best-fitted men in the world for the task of exterminating the bubonic plague. Under his direction several blocks in the business part of Havana have been isolated and the houses (many of which contain stores beneath and residences above) have been fumigated with hydrocyanic acid. A still more effective way of fighting the disease is the systematic destruction of house rats.

When the bubonic plague first appeared in San Francisco years ago, a fatally mistaken policy of concealment was adopted. Later Passed Assistant Surgeon Rupert Blue, now Surgeon-General of our Marine Hospital service, fought the disease openly, independently, and without concealment, and crushed it entirely. It was when the bubonic plague was shrouded in mystery that it was really dangerous. We believe it was a Japanese scientist who discovered the micro-organism which causes the disease; other specialists traced the transmission of the disease through fleas which fasten on rats. Since those discoveries rat-killing campaigns and other precautions against the disease have made the threat of an invasion of the plague no longer serious. The thoroughness of the defensive war now going on in Havana makes the danger to American ports very slight.

THE INDIANA PROGRESSIVES

The Indiana Progressive State Convention is of interest to the whole country chiefly because its platform, which was unanimously adopted, pledges the party to work for the elimination of all breweries and saloons in the State, and indorses the Hobson resolution now before Congress looking towards National prohibition. In advocating National prohibition the Indiana Progressives are following the course of the Progressives of Ohio and Maine. Whether this is the most feasible method of dealing with the drink evil is a question that demands careful consideration, but it is very significant of the growing sentiment throughout the country against the liquor traffic and the vice it promotes—a sentiment which deserves the sympathy of every good citizen.

The platform opposes the issuance of injunctions in labor disputes, calls for a law to

compel the giving of ample notice before a strike or lockout, and advocates a minimum wage for women.

As to electoral reform, the platform indorses the initiative, referendum, and recall for all elective and judicial offices; it calls for a State-wide primary law, for the short ballot, for equal suffrage for women, for home rule for cities, and for the elimination of the judiciary from politics.

On matters of foreign policy, the platform attacks the present Federal Administration for its Mexican policy in general. This criticism, it should be noted, was made before the present crisis occurred. In particular, we are glad to say, the platform opposes the approval of any treaty with Colombia which provides for the payment of \$25,000,000 to that country.

Ex-Senator Beveridge was the unanimous choice of the Convention as the party's candidate for United States Senator.

THE MARY CURZON HOSTEL

The problem of women's lodging-houses has now been made somewhat easier of solution in London, at least, by the opening of the Mary Curzon Hostel. It is a handsome and hospitable-looking building in King's Cross Road near Euston Station—a very central location. The Hostel has been established through the generosity of Earl Curzon, with the aid of his relatives and friends, as a memorial to the late Lady Curzon, who was Miss Mary Leiter, of Washington.

The principle governing the Hostel is that it shall provide lodging, and food if desired, for women in need, but who are able to pay a very small sum. The Hostel does not belong to that class of charities which provide something for nothing. Its scale of charges would indicate that no attempt is made to make a profit; at the same time it is expected to make the institution self-supporting.

For instance, a "cubicle," or small bedroom, costs about 12 cents a night, or about 60 cents a week. Tea and bread and butter may be had for 2 cents; a heartier breakfast or supper, of course, costs more. But a dinner consisting of soup, two kinds of vegetables, and pudding may be had for 8 cents. In addition to sleeping accommodation there are lavatories and private bath-rooms, and also a kitchen where women can cook their own food.

As to admissions, the Hostel is to be man-

aged just as a hotel is managed—that is to say, no questions are asked of applicants and no references are demanded; but, if a woman shows herself to be a drunkard or otherwise undesirable, she is asked to leave.

In every great city women in search of employment, domestics temporarily out of a place, and women who work all day in factories need such a hostel, not only for shelter but also as a haven of respectability and rest. The greatest city in the world is now better off than it has been in this respect because of this memorial to one who, in America, England, and India, was ever alive to the necessities of her less fortunate sisters.

MEXICO

Mr. Bryan in his "Commoner," discussing the Mexican situation, says, "The question is not what we can do, but what *ought* we to do." It is both what *ought* we to do and what *can* we do. Might does not make right, but might does create responsibilities and impose obligations. The question before the American people to-day is this: What duty, if any, does a rich, strong nation owe to a weaker neighbor at its door which is being plundered by banditti? An abstract question is sometimes more easily answered if it is made concrete; a complicated question if it is simplified.

Three men going up from Jericho to Jerusalem saw by the roadside, according to the parable, a traveler who had been set upon by thieves and left beaten and half dead by the wayside. Two of the men passed by; the third stopped to carry succor to the wounded stranger. This man has ever since been known in literature as the Good Samaritan. Suppose he had passed that way a little earlier and had seen the thieves beating and plundering the stranger; would he have been a bad Samaritan if he had interfered? and a wise Samaritan if he had said, If I interfere my business will be injured, my clothes may be damaged, and my head may be broken?

For over a year our neighbor to the south of us has been devastated by banditti. The rights neither of men nor of property have been respected. The rules of civilized warfare have been disregarded; prisoners have been massacred, non-combatants robbed and murdered. Our Government has rightly refused to recognize as a lawful government

the faction which happened to be in possession of the capital. It has pursued for over a year a policy of watchful waiting. At length this faction, believing our patience to be the result of feebleness and fear, has insulted our Nation and refused to make the demanded apology. The incident at Tampico was in itself insignificant. So in itself is an electric spark insignificant; but this electric spark has touched the accumulating indignation of the American people. Forbearance has ceased to be a virtue. No apology which Huerta can now make will satisfy them. They will not be satisfied until anarchy is ended, a just government is established, order is restored, and life and property are secure in Mexico.

It is our duty to protect our fellow-citizens who reside in that bandit-ridden country. It is true that America might years ago have notified all Americans that if they left their own territory they left at their own risk. It might have refused to protect American seamen from impressment by Great Britain. It might have refused to protect American ships from Mediterranean pirates. It might have thought to protect itself from war by cowardice. But that has never been its policy. It has never been the policy of any civilized nation. Our citizens in great numbers have gone into Mexico to develop its resources and work in its industries, under the implied assurance of our protection. It is impossible for us now, without dishonor, to leave them to be plundered, exiled, and murdered—as they have been by the score.

We have warned off foreign nations from interference with nations on this side of the Atlantic. We have made it clear that any war on our sister republics would be regarded as an act unfriendly to us. We have made it clear to them that their interference to protect their own citizens in Mexico would incur our hostility. We cannot say to England, You *shall* not protect Englishmen in Mexico and we *will* not. We might half a century ago have abandoned the Monroe Doctrine. We might have allowed Maximilian to establish a monarchy in Mexico and left England to demand the protection of her citizens from Maximilian—and his sponsor, France. But this we did not do. The foreigners who have settled in Mexico have settled there under our implied obligation to furnish them the protection which we insisted their own Governments should not furnish. Now that our obligation is brought home to us by the persistent violation of their rights,

we cannot with honor, or indeed with safety, cavalierly refuse to recognize and fulfill that obligation.

The great mass of the Mexican people are naturally peaceful. They are too peaceful. It is because they are not fighters that they are plundered, sometimes under the form of law, sometimes by flagrant and undisguised lawlessness. It is true that we are not going to make war against the people of Mexico. If we make war at all, it will be for the people of Mexico; it will be to protect the industrious residents, native and foreign, against men whose sole industry is that of the bandit. It is true that intervention by one nation in the affairs of another nation should be undertaken only in case of dire necessity. But sometimes it ought to be undertaken. Non-intervention is the rule, but is not a universal rule. The European Powers ought to have intervened to prevent the massacres of the Armenians in Turkey. England did right to interfere to prevent monstrous cruelty by Belgians in the Congo.

The wrongs to our own citizens, to the citizens of other nations, and to the Mexicans themselves clamor to us for help. We have preserved the policy of watchful waiting too long. We go to Mexico not to avenge an insult, but to fulfill a duty too long put off.

There are two views of our duty in the present situation, which are presented in strong contrast by the respective utterances of President Wilson and Senator Lodge.

Says President Wilson at the conclusion of his Message:

I, therefore, come to ask your approval that I should use the armed forces of the United States in such ways and to such an extent as may be necessary to obtain from General Huerta and his adherents the fullest recognition of the rights and dignity of the United States, even amid distressing conditions now unhappily obtaining in Mexico.

In contrast with this is the view of Senator Lodge as embodied in his resolution presented to the Senate:

Resolved, That the state of unrestrained violence and anarchy which exists in Mexico, the number of unchecked and unpunished murders of American citizens and the spoliation of their property in that country, the impossibility of securing protection or redress by diplomatic methods in the absence of lawful and effective authority, the inability of Mexico to discharge its international obligations, the unprovoked

indignities inflicted upon the flag and the uniform of the United States by the armed forces in occupation of large parts of Mexican territory, have become intolerable.

That the self-respect and dignity of the United States, and the duties to protect its citizens and its international rights, require that such a course be followed in Mexico by our Government as to compel respect and observance of its rights.

The Outlook thinks the President's view wholly inadequate. It is impossible for Huerta and his adherents adequately to recognize our rights and duties to the state of Mexico. His faction is master only in one-half of the state. His mastery there is by no means undisputed. If he were to make all amends in his power, his delayed apology would not remove the cause for our action. If he were to surrender to the United States authorities, or were to flee the country, our duty would not be fulfilled. We should still have to do whatever may be necessary to put a stop to the violence and anarchy which exists in Mexico, to prevent a continuance of the murders of American and foreign residents and the spoliation of their property, and to secure a government under which order would be preserved and the fundamental rights of peaceable, industrial citizens, whether foreign or native, would be reasonably safeguarded.

There is no reason to fear that we shall bring upon ourselves a repetition of England's problem in Ireland, or Germany's problem in Alsace-Lorraine, or Russia's problem in Finland. We are not undertaking to conquer Mexico as the English conquered Ireland, or to annex Mexico as the Germans annexed Alsace-Lorraine, or to Americanize Mexico as the Russians are attempting to Russianize Finland. Nor are we under the illusion that as soon as we have occupied the capital we can hand over to the people self-government and then withdraw. The President himself has well said that "self-government is not a thing that can be given to any people, because it is a form of character and not a form of constitution. No people can be given the self-control of maturity."

We do not underestimate the difficulties of the undertaking laid upon the American people. It would be difficult to overestimate those difficulties. It is true that the military campaign may be brief. With energy in the commander-in-chief it cannot take long to overthrow such vestige of government as Huerta now possesses. But this will not be the end. Our

relation to Mexico will not be in the future what it has been in the past. We cannot enter that state for the purpose of protecting the lives and property of American and foreign residents and of peaceable Mexicans and leave our relation to Mexico unchanged. Our fulfillment of present duties will inevitably create new duties. Whether our relation to Mexico becomes like that of England to Egypt, or like that of the United States to Cuba, or a relation somewhere between those two, having undertaken to secure the rights of humanity, we cannot lay down our task until those rights are secured, until there has been established in that land that self-government which, to quote the President again, "follows upon the long discipline which gives a people self-possession, self-mastery, the habit of order and peace, and common counsel, and reverence for law which will not fail when they themselves become the makers of law."¹

Has America as a democracy sufficient moral character and sufficient efficiency to administer justly and successfully a military protectorate? For that is what the Mexican intervention portends. In Egypt, British occupation has meant justice, prosperity, and social welfare for the Egyptians, and peace and welfare for the civilized world. In the Philippines, American occupation has meant that and more; it has meant real and hopeful progress in the education of a people for self-government. To do this in some form, or to aid the Mexicans in doing this under our protection, is the duty which lies before us. We shall not lay aside our domestic problems in order to fulfill this duty. The maintenance of social justice in Mexico will inspire us to maintain social justice in Colorado. The preservation of law and order in Mexico will help us to preserve law and order in New York. We have been inspired in building our Catskill waterworks by our success in building the Panama Canal. Nevertheless, in adding to our domestic problems this problem of the pacification of Mexico democracy is entering upon its most serious task since the Civil War closed fifty years ago. The Outlook believes that the history of the American people in the past justifies the faith that they have both the courage and the character to fulfill the duty which this new emergency in the National life lays upon them.

¹These quotations are from Dr. Woodrow Wilson's "Constitutional Government in the United States," 1908. pp. 52, 53.

THE RAILWAYS AND THE COMMISSION

For several months the railways in a very large part of the United States—the part in which population and traffic are densest—have been seeking to secure the right to raise their freight rates. They cannot exercise that right without the permission of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. Upon the decision of that body depends in no small degree the course of business. No case that has come before it has illustrated more vividly the Commission's great administrative power.

There are two extreme views of that question. They are graphically presented in the two cartoons on another page. According to one, the railway is a beggared suppliant at the door of an arbitrary and unfeeling Government that has shown them little mercy; and all that they can do is to wait in privation with the hope of a few crumbs from the Government's table. According to the other view the railways are the rich and pampered beneficiary of the people's innocent indulgence, and their new demand is but the attempt to secure as a gift what they ought to be compelled to earn.

As in the case of all extreme views, neither of these is right; but each holds in an exaggerated form a measure of truth. On the one hand, it is true that the railways are now subject to Government control; they are no longer the almost sovereign power they once were, but are subordinate to the sovereignty of the Federal Government. On the other hand, the railways have in years past grown to their present estate under conditions which have, to say the least, not been conducive to economy, and which render it necessary for the Government to see, so far as possible, that railway management is hereafter economical, efficient, and regardful of public rights.

These two aspects of the question involve the Government in two duties. On the one hand, the Government is bound to do justice to the railways. The very fact that it has power to deny to the railways the right to raise their rates creates a corresponding obligation to consent to the increase if it is shown to be right. On the other hand, the Government must protect the public interest. When a private concern in a competitive business finds expenses increasing and profits diminishing, it cannot arbitrarily raise the price of products; for if it does, other concerns will

come into the field, and by better methods of production and more efficient management undersell it. Only after adopting economy and efficiency can such a concern raise its prices with impunity. Now, what competition does for the ordinary business the Government is called upon to do for the railways. That is why the Inter-State Commerce Commission has been hearing, on the one side, the railways' statements concerning diminishing profits, and, on the other side, statements concerning the possibility of greater economy and efficiency.

How stable and experienced a body of men it is by whom this question is to be decided can be judged from a brief statement concerning its membership. It represents the choice of four Presidents. The Chairman, James S. Harlan, of Illinois, was first appointed in 1906 by President Roosevelt; Judson C. Clements, of Georgia, was first appointed in 1892 by President Harrison; Edgar E. Clark, of Iowa, was first appointed in 1906 by President Roosevelt; Charles C. McChord, of Kentucky, and Balthasar H. Meyer, of Wisconsin, were appointed in 1910 by President Taft; Henry C. Hall, of Colorado, and Winthrop M. Daniels, of New Jersey, were appointed this year by President Wilson.

It is fortunate that the Nation has, to deal with this complex question, a Commission in whose impartiality it has confidence.

COUNT OKUMA AGAIN PRIME MINISTER

The reappearance of Count Okuma as Prime Minister of Japan is dramatic in its significance. In his seventy-seventh year this veteran statesman preserves the intellectual vigor and energy of youth. He has more than once humorously expressed his expectation that he will live to be a hundred and twenty.

For years past Count Okuma has been a kind of general adviser to the Japanese people; a candid friend who has never hesitated to point out their mistakes or the mistakes of the Government; whose position has been so secure in the interest and affection of the country that he has constituted a party by himself. To the visitor from the West he is perhaps the most interesting personality in the Japanese Empire. An Oriental by temperament, instinct, and training, he is a thoroughly modern man in his recognition of

modern conditions, his clear-sighted perceptions of what Japan must do in her self-development, and his strong sympathy with the movement for the greater authority of the people in determining the policies of the Government. He is of the Samurai class, whose ideals Dr. Nitobe has so beautifully interpreted in "Bushido," a book which ought to be read by every American as a revelation of a side of the Japanese character which very few Americans understand.

Count Okuma was born in the south, but he belongs to neither of the great clans which have furnished so many leaders to modern Japan. He is not in any sense a clan man; the fact that he is outside the Satsuma and Choshu groups of leaders has given him a certain political isolation and has at the same time deepened his influence with the people of the country. His mother was a woman of notable character and intellect, for whom he has always shown a very beautiful devotion. His father was in command of the fortifications about Nagasaki when Commodore Perry entered the Bay of Tokyo. Count Okuma was then fifteen years old, and has therefore lived to see the entire modern development of his country.

When he was a young man, in the restoration period, his popular sympathies were already expressed. He strongly advocated the abolition of the old feudal system and the establishment of constitutionalism. When the Government was reorganized under the Emperor, he entered the Department of Foreign Affairs. From 1873 to 1888, first as Vice-Minister and then as Minister, he managed the finances of the country. His failure to persuade the Government to introduce the representative system led to his resignation and to the formation of the Progressive party, the forerunner of the present National party. In 1888, the year preceding the promulgation of the Constitution, he became Minister of Foreign Affairs, and it fell to him to secure the revision of the old treaties which were made with the great Powers after the opening of the country and in which the Japanese were denied certain very important rights. In securing the revision and modification of these treaties he greatly advanced the position of Japan, and at the same time exposed himself to an animosity at home which expressed itself by an attempted assassination. A bomb was thrown into his carriage as he was approaching his office, and his life was saved only by the amputation of a leg. Ten

years later, in 1898, he became Prime Minister and organized a coalition Cabinet, adding to his duties those of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Since the fall of that Ministry he has maintained his position as the most influential public man in Japan outside the field of practical politics. The Outlook reported the extraordinary honor with which he was received on the thirtieth anniversary of the founding of Waseda University, which was his creation and of which he is President; an institution of learning which holds its place among the foremost in Japan, and in which freedom of teaching and of speech has been a cardinal maxim.

Count Okuma's acceptance of the Premiership is a striking evidence of the progress of the movement to place a larger share of the government of Japan in the hands of the Japanese people. In an interview of extraordinary interest, published in The Outlook last June, Count Okuma reviewed the modern history of Japan, pointed out the lines of its development, and gave a philosophical analysis of the evolution of modern Japan, with a very free criticism of its defects and faults. In that interview he said: "The saving elements in Japan will be the development of popular life and of education. In public life that development will take the form of a fuller understanding of party government. . . . Our Constitution, unlike that of other countries, was conferred on us by our ruler, and progress of every kind has been initiated by the Government. Even the expression of public opinion through the press has been encouraged by the Government; while I was connected with the Government I assisted in the creation of half a dozen newspapers. Political parties were, and are still, largely recruited by people who served in the Government. In other words, in every department of social and political activity the initiative has thus far come always from the Government; but, thanks to its educative influence, the people are coming to know and feel their own power. The formation of political parties will hasten the education of the people, and through education alone can the general uplift of the nation fully express itself and secure for the country the most lasting results."

These are the words of a progressive statesman whose appearance at the head of the Japanese Ministry will give immense satisfaction to the country as marking the disappearance of clan government, against which the

popular feeling has been steadily growing for many years; and as a recognition of the greater part public opinion is to play in directing the policies of the country. Count Okuma understands his country, and has never been afraid to point out its defects and needs. He has emphasized the fact that the whole modern development of Japan has been forced upon her from without, and that what she needs more than anything else is the opportunity of inward growth, of adjusting her inward life to the great changes that have been made in her outward life.

Whether he succeeds or not as an administrator, he stands for the new order and the modern spirit. When the so-called anti-Japa-

nese legislation in California had touched the sensitive Japanese to the quick and had awakened a deep feeling of resentment, Count Okuma called together a group of representative Japanese and Americans at his house, and in a brief but very striking speech told them that such difficulties between countries could be settled neither by diplomacy nor by law, but must be settled by religion. He spoke as a prophet at the summit of his years, with a great experience behind him; but he spoke also as a leader, not only of his people, but of that movement for international justice and friendship which, with occasional interruptions, steadily gains ground throughout the world.

AMERICAN INTERVENTION IN MEXICO

A POLL OF THE EUROPEAN PRESS

AMERICAN intervention in Mexico has been adversely criticised by many papers on the Continent of Europe; in Great Britain, however, it is by almost all papers commended.

Let us first consider the unfavorable criticisms. They are of the kind that appeared before the Spanish War. German adverse comment, for instance, is summed up by the Berlin "Post." It declares that "Germany has no reason to desire an American victory," because "the American Colossus will thereby grow still more gigantic and become more dangerous for us, economically, than it already is."

As to the history of our relations with Mexico, the "Post" charges that for many years we have increased our influence with our southern neighbor by both trickery and force, until "political aspirations have joined what were formerly only economic purposes." It even asserts that the United States was back of the downfall of both Diaz and Madero, and that "the comedy is about to become a tragedy, involving Mexico's struggle for freedom and independence."

As to Huerta, another Berlin paper, the "Tägliche Rundschau," blames President Wilson's refusal to recognize the man in Mexico City, thus making it impossible to obtain the money with which to restore order. Mr. Wilson's policy, declares the "Rundschau," has been one neither of realities nor of idealism, but merely of democratic doctrinairism."

Finally, the Socialist "Vorwärts" of Berlin

asserts that the pretext for intervention in Mexico is trifling, and adds:

If the United States gains its end, the result will be that Mexico will become more than ever the domain of American trusts—the delectable result of the policy of a Democratic President who has always boasted so loudly of his opposition to capitalism.

Turning to Italy, one finds such a phrase as this in the well-known "Corriere della Sera" of Milan:

The policy of the United States towards Mexico has always been a policy of conquest, sometimes violent, sometimes insinuating, an army of cannon or an army of money, persevering, constant, with no concession and with no weakness. Into this policy America puts the same ability as into her business affairs; she has never experienced a check.

In French-speaking countries, too, one finds bias, even from the generally reliable Swiss paper the "Journal de Genève." We read:

Every Mexican government which has shown symptoms of independence has had Washington against it. . . . When Porfirio Diaz came to power, the United States Government waited three years before recognizing him—an analogous case to Huerta's. . . . And then Madero overthrew Diaz, with the certain help, so they say in Mexico, of the United States. . . . This kind of play cannot always last. . . . Mr. Wilson is a sincere pacifist, opposed to all conquests; but will he resist the current which has long carried with it the American policy?

The Paris "Journal" says: "It is certain that, whatever happens, foreigners will be the

victims. President Wilson takes care to mention that he will be unable to protect them or their interests. This statement, coming after the Benton murder and the outrages on Spaniards, is tinged with irony." Another Paris paper, the "Liberté," says that the turn of events exposes Frenchmen in Mexico to more danger than before, and cynically expresses the belief that President Wilson's action regarding Huerta was taken to divert attention from some of our Administration's political problems.

Even in Great Britain there is some adverse criticism. In the declaration that the military operations of the United States are being taken, not against the people of Mexico, but against General Huerta, says the "Globe," "we have the root weakness of President Wilson's policy. He undertakes to say who does and who does not represent the Mexican people. That is a pretension to which there is no other issue than annexation or a protectorate as valid as that now exercised over Cuba."

The Manchester "Guardian" thinks President Wilson was wrong in refusing to recognize General Huerta, and that the resulting intervention will put Pancho Villa in the position Huerta now occupies, which is "not an attractive prospect, for Villa possesses in a higher degree every fault that President Wilson has found with Huerta."

It is a satisfaction to turn from comment like the above to that tinged with pro-American sympathy. First of all is the London "Times's" criticism. It recognizes that our Government is not actuated by selfish motives, and says: "Americans will certainly find nowhere a clearer comprehension of the difficulties of the situation and warmer wishes for success in overcoming them than among their British kinsmen." To this the London "Daily Mail" adds:

There can be no mistaking the British attitude toward this fateful development. It is one of admiration for the tolerance and self-control with which Mr. Wilson employed all the resources of diplomacy to avert the crisis which, in spite of his earnest endeavors, has now overtaken him. It is one of unstinted sympathy with the American people in the difficult and laborious undertaking which lies unescapably ahead of them, and it is also one of absolute confidence not only in the success of the American arms by land and sea, but also in the spirit of practical good will which the American soldiers' administration will bring to bear upon the redemption of Mexico, as they have already

brought it to bear upon Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines.

Intervention has been thrust upon the Americans, and they may be sure of the good will of the whole English-speaking world in facing the unsought-for task and its incalculable consequences with all the energy and resolution at their command.

The London "Daily News" says that "it is impossible to ignore either the difficulties or dangers of the American task, but it is only fair to recognize that "President Huerta's maladroit impudence has not left President Wilson any alternative but intervention."

Again turning to Germany, we find the semi-official Government organ, the Cologne "Gazette," reflecting the attitude of the German Government and of the best German and other European papers as follows:

The American Nation, which since the days of Porfirio Diaz has been kept in a state of constant anxiety over the Mexican question, earnestly wishes peace and quiet on its southern frontier and the establishment of a government which will not imperil the colossal interests which America has created on the Panama Canal. Huerta has amply proved that he is not the man to furnish such guarantees. He has, on the contrary, acted as an enemy of the United States and has shown that he wishes to be considered such. He knows that President Wilson desired to resort to force against him only as a last resort, and in full realization of the latter's pacific intentions Huerta has pursued a policy of antagonism which has gradually become intolerable to the American people. There is therefore no doubt that President Wilson's procedure causes satisfaction to his countrymen.

From the point of view of German interests the course events have taken in Mexico of recent years has been only a source of regret. If the intervention of the Americans is destined to restore peace and order, there will be in it nothing objectionable from our point of view. The German nation, at any rate, has no occasion to oppose the action of the United States in any spirit of malicious criticism, which would not only be futile, but also injurious to our good relations with America.

Perhaps the most influential of the German Radical papers is the "Frankfurter Zeitung." It declares that President Huerta's demand is an undisguised mockery of the United States, and adds: "It goes without saying that Washington cannot tolerate this. Nobody can reproach President Wilson if he now abandons his reserve and proceeds against Huerta with a blockade and an occupation of Mexico's harbors."

GOING SOUTH WITH CARRANZA

BY GREGORY MASON

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK IN MEXICO

WHEN you alight from the trolley car that crosses the International Bridge from El Paso to Juarez, you step back three hundred years. If you are not aware of this fact, you will learn it before you have been long in Mexico, and the lesson will be painful in the same ratio as the height of your preconceptions of the intelligence and trustworthiness of the native Mexican.

I held certain rather idealistic theories concerning Mexican character when I joined the crowd that floated down Calle Comercio past the gambling palaces where Americans nightly leave enough gold to make superfluous anything more than a casual working of the mines of Mexico. Some of these theories succumbed to the shock of my first contact with Mexican civilization.

Before a pool-room whence floated the click of billiard balls and the strains of "Un Peu d'Amour" sat an old, gray-haired woman on a lop-sided canvas bag, while beside her stood a man evidently a few years her senior and a girl of about twenty of that astonishing blonde type of beauty with which nature sometimes blesses the daughters of Spain. They were three of the Spaniards of Torreon exiled by order of General Villa. Matching their feeble English with my meager Spanish, I learned that the old man had held property in the neighborhood of Torreon worth six million pesos (about three million dollars at the ordinary rate of exchange), that this had been confiscated by the Constitutionalists, and that the entire wealth of the family now consisted of six hundred pesos, which the gray-beard carried in a money belt, and of the few household effects in the canvas bag.

"What we will do I do not know," said the patriarch, "but I suppose we are lucky to be alive. Before he had sentenced us to leave the city which our industry had built, Villa, the butcher, came to us where we were huddled in the Laguna Bank and said, 'I would like to kill you all with my own hands, and I could easily do it, but I won't for what the outside world would say.'

"What will become of us only God knows."

"Never mind, father. I can work in a department store and support you and mother," spoke up the girl.

"Don't you let her do that, Señor," said an American newspaper man who had come up behind us and heard most of the conversation. "You don't know what that means."

"Oh, she'll be all right," said the old man in simple confidence, as we moved toward a street car bound for the United States.

The reporter and I got on the car with them, and while I talked with the mother and daughter the newspaper man made further vain efforts to persuade the father against the department-store plan of livelihood. When we reached the bridge over the stream that deserved the name Rio Grande until numerous irrigation ditches had reduced it to a mere trickle of water winding through flats of caked mud, the old man stood up. As we passed the international boundary post halfway across the bridge he took off his hat.

"Thank God, I'm in a civilized country," he said, simply.

We took off our hats too, but said nothing as we thought of the department store.

It is one of the maddening perplexities of Mexico to the foreigner that he never can feel sure of the native. After seeing an instance of cruelty like Villa's treatment of the Spaniards he is apt to come upon a case of utmost chivalry and courtesy.

General Venustiano Carranza, *Primer Jefe* (First Chief) of the Constitutionalist cause, and some of his immediate followers are the kind of Mexicans that make you believe that most of the unkind things said of the race are pernicious falsehoods.

I saw General Carranza several times in his office in the barnlike Custom-House at Juarez, but my real acquaintance with him began the morning that the First Chief and his staff took the train at Juarez for Chihuahua, which was to be given the honor of becoming the seat of the Provisional Government.

Promptly at seven o'clock, the appointed train time, the American correspondents were on hand in Juarez station, but, according to best Mexican custom, the train did not start for five hours. About eight o'clock some soldiers pushed up the General's two automobiles, both handsome and expensive machines, and loaded them onto a flat car, while an aeroplane, a safe, several desks, and other office furniture were loaded into other cars.

An hour later several hundred soldiers with their families—a Mexican never campaigns without his women and children—climbed inside of and on top of box cars, where they stayed during the entire journey of a day and a half, cooking, eating, and sleeping in these uncomfortable and insecure positions. At the expiration of another hour several staff officers arrived, their uniforms ranging all the way from dirty khaki to brilliant salmon velvet. Then came dashing up on a black horse Felix Sommerfeld, "the Man of Mystery," press agent of the Revolution, who knows where the best rifles and machine guns can be bought at bargain prices. He it is who has organized the Publicity Bureau of the Revolution, in accordance with the most approved methods of modern big business. He assured the correspondents that the "*Jefe*" would arrive in "*un momento*," and in an hour Carranza came, in a carriage with two officers and his secretary.

There was something pathetic in the sight of the tall, dignified man with the high forehead, long gray beard, smoked spectacles, and huge spade-shaped nose, that are his distinguishing features, walking to the train between the ranks of boy "soldiers," some of them hardly higher than their rifles.

As we wound and twisted through the desert of cactus, mesquite, and blazing sand, far ahead on the horizon we occasionally saw the smoke of two pilot-engines, while from time to time a group of armed horsemen would show against the sky-line of the sand dunes in the distance. The General was taking no chances.

It grew hotter, and the soldiers dropped their rifles and heavy cartridge belts carelessly on the floor of our car and stretched across seats for the accustomed *siesta*. The officers opened bottles of beer, spilled most of the fluid and drank the rest noisily. For miles there was nothing but desolation, twisted rails, the ruins of burned cars, and here and there a half-demolished adobe house near the railway or off at the foot of the seamed and puckered sand mountains, whose saw-toothed tops marked each edge of the valley. Everywhere were the scars of war. At the same time wherever there was a house that had escaped destruction it was inhabited, and the inhabitants were busy trying to coax a meager crop out of the parched soil, with as much confidence as if the last three crops had not been stolen by soldiers.

Presently the desert became a plain cov-

ered with scant, short grass on which lean cattle grazed, and *haciendas* surrounded by adobe walls became increasingly frequent. Beyond this plain the train shot into a valley as fertile as the first one had been barren, and between rows of tall, full-leaved cottonwoods we rolled into the village of Ahumada.

The whole town was out to welcome us and had patiently waited there lined up before the station since the scheduled time of arrival, five hours before. In the first row were swarthy soldiers on ragged little ponies, Winchester and Mausers resting on the men's thighs. Behind them were the old men of the village and the heroes of former battles, some with wooden legs; and in the next row were mothers and grandmothers holding up babies so that they could see *mi General* as he stepped off the train.

The reception at Ahumada was duplicated at every village along the railway. Carranza was careful to disappoint none of the people who had waited so patiently for a glimpse of the rebel hero. Through an oversight of the conductor the train ran by the little village of Ojo Caliente without stopping, but the General ordered the train backed fully a mile that he might speak to the score of school-children who waved Mexican flags and sang patriotic songs like good Carranzistas.

When it became apparent that we could not make Chihuahua before nightfall, it was decided to spend the night at Moctezuma, a small village whose best boast is a Chinese restaurant. It made no difference that a night on the train of freight cars and second-class coaches meant considerable inconvenience, the people of Chihuahua wanted a daylight reception, and they should have it. So, after the Chinamen's store of "chuck" had been exhausted, the General wrapped himself in his cloak and stretched upon a couch in his car, his officers lay down on the car floor, the soldiers and their families made themselves comfortable on the sloping roofs of the box cars, while we Americans and a few officers of lesser importance ripped up the backs of the benches in the coaches and, placing them across the spaces between seats, made ourselves beds superior to those of either the soldiers or their General. Isidro Fabela, Acting Secretary of Foreign Relations in the Provisional Government, a Mexican gentleman of the best type, who speaks English even to slang, came through the car and, looking over the destruction, remarked that

(Continued on page following illustrations)

"as train-wreckers you Americans have Pascual Orozco lashed to the mast."

Some time during the night the train began to move, and with the morning it stopped at Terrazas, a suburb of Chihuahua, named for the family who, after squeezing the *pelados* (common people) of the State of Chihuahua as dry as sponges, are now resting either in Mexican prisons or in American mansions over the border, praying for intervention by the United States.

At Terrazas a cavalcade of fifty automobiles and carriages carrying the *jefes* and principal men of Chihuahua met our train, and after many embracings the General and his staff were placed in automobiles, and the party started back for town through the beautiful valley of Nombre de Dios. It was characteristic of the courtesy which the Carranza party has unswervingly shown the American correspondents that we were given the position of honor at the head of the caravan and passed across the bridge into the city through ranks of Indian soldiers in nondescript uniforms.

The streets leading to the Governor's palace and the Plaza opposite were crowded with people, but, for Latin-Americans, they showed little enthusiasm. In the first place, they resented having been kept waiting from four o'clock until sunset the day before, with no word of the delayed arrival, and, in the second place, many of them belonged to the middle class, which has never liked war. Writers about Mexico are fond of saying with a pat decisiveness that there is no middle class in Mexico. Nothing could be further from the truth. Between the aristocrats of property (the Terrazas and their ilk) and the poverty-ridden peons there is a large middle class, made up of shopkeepers, artisans, hackmen who own their vehicles, and small farmers. This class carries on most of the business and much of the agriculture of the large country south of the United States, and it does not want war. It accepts whatever government it thinks can maintain peace.

The attitude of the middle class was illustrated by an amusing incident at the dinner of welcome given to Carranza and his staff on the evening of their arrival, in the huge Governor's mansion, tinseled and gilded until it has been well called not gaudy but giddy. The speech-making had been concluded and after-dinner cigars had been smoked to stubs when a grave old man, distinctly *bourgeois*, entered the hall and

walked swiftly toward the table where sat the guests of honor. Pausing directly before Carranza, he bowed low and pulled from his pocket a speech elaborately tied up in ribbon of the red, white, and green of Mexico. Before he could be headed off he began: "Most honorable and mighty general and leader of the people, Victoriano—"

The old man stopped aghast at his voice sounding that name. Then he crumbled. It was too late; apologies and explanations would only make matters worse; he turned and fled.

This citizen, whose speech of welcome had been so prepared that by a mere substitution of a name it would do as well for Venustiano Carranza as for Victoriano Huerta, was of that stratum of Mexican society which cares nothing for constitutions or social reforms so long as business is good and pesos plenty.

Nevertheless, this is a social revolution. At least it is one in an objective sense. Over the heads of the inactive middle class the landless peons are smashing at the aristocracy, the capitalists, who, with a very few exceptions, are to be found either in the Huerta camp or across the border pleading for intervention from Washington as loudly and as insistently as are most of the foreigners with property in Mexico. The few exceptions are wealthy men like Major Cardenas, of Carranza's staff, who, having been wronged by Huerta, are using the Constitutionalist sword as an instrument of revenge. The pathetic aspect of the situation is that the bulk of the rebellious peons do not know what they are fighting for. Their leaders talk of constitutions, tax reforms, and a reform of the system by which a few hundred thousand Mexicans hold the land of fifteen millions. The unjust distribution of land is indeed, more than anything else, responsible for the ills of Mexico. But the *pelados* cannot understand the propaganda of an intellectual leader like Carranza, so we have the spectacle of a few intelligent leaders co-operating with a large number of bandit chiefs at the head of a rabble whose motives are, first, loot; second, revenge; third, hero worship of *jefes* like Villa; and, last, patriotism of an unseeing, chauvinistic variety. The revolution habit has become fixed with the lower classes. Give a peon a rifle, and he will fight for half as much as he could earn as a laborer or small farmer; for enlisting in the army means opportunity to travel, to avenge real or fancied wrongs on the prop-

erty and persons of the rich men, and to enjoy the glamour of war that inevitably appeals to the half-Indian race that constitutes the bulk of Mexico's population. That explains why so many boys of twelve and thirteen carry rifles for Villa and Carranza. They are not patriots, or "martyrs to the cause." They are out for a good time, and they like nothing better than on a dark night to jam the muzzle of a Mauser into the stomach of a gringo with a "*Quien vive?*" rasped in hoarse imitation of their elders. It is impossible accurately to estimate the number of the Constitutionalist forces, which are scattered all over northern Mexico, but it is certain that the size of the army, since the capture of Torreon at least, is limited only by the number of available rifles.

The Constitutionalist programme, even as expounded by Carranza, is much less definite than that of the Socialist party in the United States, and is almost as inchoate as that of the American Industrial Workers of the World. Before he left Juarez General Carranza assured me that he would solve the land problem without confiscation, but by some sort of system yet to be worked out under which the peons on a *hacienda* would share the land with the ranchman. Yet one of the departments of the Provisional Government is the Department of Confiscation!

"The social and economic reforms we will work out later," said the *Primer Jefe*; "they are secondary to the restoration of the Constitution."

I asked him if he felt that he would have the support of the whole country if he reached Mexico City.

"We will have enough troops to keep order everywhere," he replied, and I thought I saw the Iron Hand.

"Are you co-operating with General Zapata in the south?"

"We are not working with him, he is working with us," was the answer.

Can this man, who looks like a prosperous New England farmer, restore peace to Mexico, or is the chain of revolutions endless? Carranza has a good mind, plenty of courage, and knows his people thoroughly, although he has never been a good mixer and in his home in Coahuila was known as something of a recluse. He is not a Lincoln, a Cavour, nor even a Bolivar, but he has a good deal of Lincoln's shrewd judgment and a massive dignity all his own that seems to take with the *pelados*. If the Constitutionals are

left alone to finish it out with the Huertistas, his greatest danger may lie in the growing popularity of Villa. Carranza's friends predict that when the long-deferred Chihuahua meeting between the two takes place, the First Chief will cow the swashbuckling soldier by sheer mental force, as one sometimes sees a cool, courageous fellow cow a bar-room bully.

Down here they do not speak of it as Intervention. They call it the Inevitable. Ninety per cent of the foreigners and a good many of the Mexicans that I have talked to along the border and in Mexico have ceased to ask, "Is it coming?" Instead they inquire, "When?" and "How?" Even among some Americans whose desire for intervention is purely selfish there is a strong sentiment that some sort of joint intervention is preferable to action by the United States alone. "What we want is not Mexico, which would be a far heavier burden than the Philippines, but peace in Mexico," say these men.

Others, however, are neither so far-seeing nor so altruistic. They are the land-grabbers who want to see "the Stars and Stripes waving all the way to Panama," and they are the last who would shoulder a rifle to put it there. In fact, intervention could be contemplated with more equanimity if one knew that the men who want it would do the fighting. But they would not, any more than the moneyed aristocracy of Mexico would get into the ranks with the peons. It would be another case of a "rich man's quarrel and a poor man's fight."

It must be admitted that the hatred of foreigners, and of Americans in particular, which is unusually intense just now, is largely justified. A good many of the Americans here are the sort we do not want in America—plutocratic privilege-seekers or third-class mining-camp riffraff which, when Mexicanized, is more contemptible than the lowest peon. As I am writing this at the Chihuahua Foreign Club, a group of Americans in a corner are engaged in the principal pastime of foreigners in Mexico—discussing "the situation." A big man has just exclaimed angrily, "We are all lost in a morass of materialism." And that pretty nearly describes the position of the foreigners in Mexico.

And yet a rich country is bound to be developed. Mexico is extremely rich, or her people could not have survived three years of revolution, and if they will not develop her resources outsiders will. At present, judging from my own observations and from the best

advices I can get, business is being carried on about as usual in the cities of the north, and in the northern rural districts there is still more or less cultivation, but the big *haciendas* are idle for the most part, and for the most part, too, the railways are tied up. Some mines are running in Chihuahua and some in Sonora, and those children that are not at the front fighting are going to school as in times of peace.

The truth is that Mexico is three hundred

years behind the civilized world. Seventy-five per cent of her population is Indian or part Indian, and of about the same intelligence as the redskin of the United States reservations. Before she can take her place abreast of the world by her own efforts alone she must go through long years of slow development and travail. Should the civilized nations wait for Mexico to catch up or should they give her a lift?

Chihuahua, Mexico, April 17, 1914.

HUERTA AT CLOSE RANGE

BY ROBERT BURTON

This friendly account of General Huerta is a personal impression that will be of interest to Americans at this time, for it presents a view of his personality that is unfamiliar. It comes to The Outlook from an American who recently returned from Mexico, where he had an interview with General Huerta, and obtained also interesting information through Captain Maas, of the Mexican Army Staff, General Huerta's private secretary. It may be added that Huerta was born in a remote Mexican village, an Indian boy; that he learned to read and write at the little village school; was taken to Mexico City by an officer who had made use of him as an amanuensis; was sent to the National Military School by President Juarez; was graduated with great credit; and thus came to serve under President Diaz. Huerta was personally loyal to Diaz, and when Madero came into power he was retired on half pay and went into business as a builder. By Madero he was twice recalled and twice relegated to private life. Against Orozco in the north and Zapata in the south he did valuable campaigning, but in neither case was he allowed to carry his victories out fully. For the part attributed to him in the overthrow and assassination of President Madero, Huerta has been almost universally condemned. Huerta is nearly or quite seventy years old. His most recent photograph is reproduced on another page.—THE EDITORS.

INSTEAD of having a convict-like face, such as most of the American newspapers give him, Huerta is quite good-looking and has an affable manner. His features are good and show strength and force of character, while his face lights up with evident good humor.

At least this is the way he struck me when I had the pleasure of meeting him in the City of Mexico in March. I sat with him for some time in his automobile, and he discussed the conditions of the country and the army and his plans for the future in a pleasant tone of voice and with great moderation. Never once was there any insinuation against President Wilson or his policy, or any intimation that he held any grievance against the United

States. On the contrary, he said explicitly that he would welcome any and all Americans who came to Mexico to find out the true state of affairs, and would give them every aid and assistance to see and find out whatever they wanted.

I asked his secretary, "Who killed Madero?" but I might as well have asked, Who killed Cock Robin? He replied that he did not know, that nobody knew—perhaps General Mondragon, perhaps Felix Diaz. Indeed, the friends of General Bernardo Reyes might have killed him to avenge the death of Reyes, who had lost his life in the ten days' fight. At any rate, Huerta had had no hand in it, he said, though there was no reason for Huerta to have any good feelings for Madero, who was

a traitor to his country, who had bankrupted the national treasury and had played false to Huerta in particular.

I asked why it was that Huerta, and not Felix Diaz, was elected President after Madero was forced to resign. His answer was very interesting. It seems that Huerta, some ten years ago, had conducted a successful campaign against the Indians in Yucatan, and in recognition of his services he was presented with the Cross by Diaz. He was the only general in the army with this coveted distinction, and was highly thought of by President Diaz. In fact, when Diaz was obliged to resign and leave the country, owing to the revolution of Madero, it was Huerta who commanded the troops that guarded Diaz on his way to Vera Cruz, where he took leave for Europe.

So when General Pascual Orozco turned against his former friend and ally President Madero, Huerta was ordered by Madero to pursue Orozco because he was considered a successful general. Huerta did advance against Orozco and defeated him, and would have followed up his advantage, but the vacillating Madero, who thought he might get Orozco back again, ordered Huerta to return and proceed against Zapata. Huerta did as ordered, and proceeded against Zapata and defeated him also, but again he was ordered by Madero to retreat instead of permitting him to advance, and was recalled to Mexico City. For neither of these engagements was Huerta given any recognition by Madero.

When the ten days' fighting in the City of Mexico broke out, Huerta was with Madero simply because he was the general of the army and not because he was a friend of Madero, for there was every reason why he should not be his friend.

At the end of my interview with President Huerta he very courteously invited me to see the Castle of Chapultepec, which is his official residence, though he does not occupy it. He is a very modest man and does not care for pomp and ceremony, and so he lives in his private residence near the statue of the last Aztec Emperor on the Paseo de la Reforma—perhaps one of the most beautiful streets in the world. On the first floor of the palace, to the right of the entrance, is Huerta's private office, where he transacts business with his Cabinet. The room is sumptuously furnished, and in the middle is an oblong table exquisitely inlaid with pearl and different kinds of woods. At one end of

the table is a large leather portfolio with the word "President" marked on it, and at intervals are other portfolios marked "Minister of Foreign Affairs," "Minister of War," etc., each member of the Cabinet having his own place marked. The Hall of the Ambassadors, a very attractive oblong room on the second floor, contains some of the things left by the Emperor Maximilian and Carlotta. The garden opens from the second floor and is flanked by *loggias*, or porches, from which I had a fine view of Mexico City, the great valley, and the surrounding mountains. All around the Castle is a wonderful *bosque*, or park, with beautiful trees, some of very great height, and with a wealth of tropical plants and a luxuriance of flowers. The mountains surround the palace on all sides, rising to the great height of twelve, sixteen, and eighteen thousand feet, and looking like a sort of Chinese Wall crowned with the eternal snows.

This is the palace in which Huerta might live if he wanted to, and in which he does spend a good deal of his time. My attention was directed to a small tower rising out of the center of the garden, like the round squat turret of Childe Roland, though this was white instead of brown. My interest centered in its little cupola, and I inquired of Huerta's secretary what it was for. He replied that it was an observatory in which the President spends much of his leisure time. I inquired what the stars told him, but his only answer was an enigmatic smile.

While I was talking to General Huerta a body of troops passed by, well equipped and well drilled, and marching in splendid formation. Waving his hand towards them, and with evident pride, he exclaimed that they were recruits who had been soldiers only eight days. Huerta seemed to have no doubt of the ultimate result of the revolution, and his manner inspires confidence in his belief.

Huerta seems to be popular with the army and also with the people, for he seldom appears that he is not received with cheers. Almost any night Huerta may be easily seen in some restaurant on the Avenue San Francisco dining with friends and without any guard. Or in the mornings he may be seen in the Park of Chapultepec, driving in his handsome automobile, perhaps stopping at some attractive spot in order to keep an engagement. This is his favorite way of granting interviews instead of meeting or making appointments in the Castle, or at the national palace where the office of the President is situated.

THE CASE OF ADOLF

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

During the last two months there have been three sensational conflicts between the police and the unemployed in the city of New York. In the first instance, a large body of men out of work, under the leadership of members of the Industrial Workers of the World, demanded shelter in certain churches of the city. In the second instance, an attempt of a group of members of the Industrial Workers of the World to hold a mass-meeting in Union Square was broken up by the police, whose severity has since been condemned both by the city authorities and by public opinion. In the third instance, under the administration of the new Police Commissioner, Mr. Woods, members of the Industrial Workers of the World did hold a large mass-meeting in Union Square without any disturbance or menace to the ordinary life of the city.

The following story is an account of the events and incidents of the first of these three occurrences. The Outlook believes that the maintenance of society demands first of all the maintenance of law and order. But law and order cannot long exist unless it is based upon justice, and justice cannot be done in a complex society like that of the city of New York unless the various elements composing that society understand one another. Whatever the well-to-do may think of the physical violence which is practiced by some members of the Industrial Workers of the World and openly advocated by others, intelligent men and women ought to try to understand the causes and the motives of such practice and advocacy. Mrs. Vorse has made a patient and continued effort to get at the real spirit which lies behind these great social disturbances. In this article she gives a graphic but dispassionate account of the conditions and personalities which make the situation of the unemployed in our great American cities a social problem of the first importance.—THE EDITORS.

ON the night of March 4, 1914, a crowd of several hundred men—men out of work, men ill clad, many of them without shirts under their tattered coats and without socks on their feet, with broken shoes and no overcoats—went to the Church of St. Alphonsus to demand food and shelter.

It was one of the nights of the blizzard, and a heavy snow was falling. The streets were piled high with snow—a very bad night indeed for any one to be out even for a little while, and a cruel night for homeless men. Before they went to the Church of St. Alphonsus this crowd had been standing in Rutgers Square for an hour and a half, with the snow falling on them, listening to their leaders declaring that, since Society had no work for them, Society owed them food and shelter until such time as Society should again have work for them to do. It is probable that the philosophy of the thing was not apparent to many of the listeners. They had two poignant facts to face—facts that had nothing to do with abstractions: one was, they had no place to go that night to sleep; and the second, they had nothing to

eat; and a problem just as poignant awaiting them on the morrow, and that was that they had no jobs or prospect of jobs to enable them to sleep and eat the next night or the next.

These men were of varying creeds and nationalities. They had come together because a group of young fellows, some of them members of the Industrial Workers of the World, some of them not, all of them themselves out of work, had been speaking at Rutgers Square on the subject of unemployment during a number of nights past, and had led them several times to churches which had either offered them food and shelter or had given them money so that they could find a place to sleep and get themselves something to eat.

Remember, this was during the most bitter week of an unusually cruel winter, and these men were homeless; they were only a tiny fraction of the homeless men—and homeless women, too—who formed the most unfortunate part of the unfortunate army of the unemployed. The more fortunate part of this army were the unemployed who had friends

with whom they could stay for a night, the unemployed who still had a roof over their heads, the unemployed who lived partly on charity and partly on casual work picked up. How great this number was in New York City that night we do not know. It has been estimated to be from three hundred thousand and over to one hundred thousand.

This group of men were naturally not concerned at that moment with solving the ultimate problems of unemployment—even if their leaders were. And what concerned them all, leaders and crowd alike, was where to sleep for that night.

Their leaders, therefore—Frank Tannenbaum, Charles Plunket, and Frank Strawn Hamilton—went to the rector of St. Alphonsus's Church, Father Schneider, and asked him if they might have shelter in his church. Father Schneider replied that by no means could he shelter them, for the Blessed Sacrament of the Body of our Lord was there exposed, and it would be sacrilege to allow men to sleep in the church at such a time.

The men had been told by Tannenbaum to wait outside the church until the rector's permission should have been asked, but in the meantime more than half the crowd had gone in. Tannenbaum was told by a police officer to go into the church and tell his men to go away. Of what happened in the church I will speak later. The result of their entry was that one hundred and ninety men were arrested, including Tannenbaum.

Frank Tannenbaum was held on a felony charge of inciting to riot; his bail was fixed at \$5,000, and later increased to \$7,500. The bail of the other one hundred and ninety men was fixed at \$1,000 each. The prisoners were proportioned equally among four prisons—the Tombs, Jefferson Market, West Fifty-seventh Street, and West Fifty-third Street prisons.

In the Jefferson Market prison fifty men were herded together in one large pen; there were no sleeping accommodations in this pen. It has a stone floor and wooden benches around the wall. As many as ten men could sleep on these benches; the rest were compelled to sleep on the floor. For these fifty men there were eight blankets and no other covering. The first night of their incarceration they had no blankets, nor did they receive any food that night. For several days at least they had neither towels nor soap. They had to wash themselves in cold water at a running tap from which they also

got their drinking water. The food was reported to be scant and of poor quality.

In the West Fifty-seventh Street prison the men were also confined together, herded in a pen under much the same conditions. The food there was so bad that the men went on a hunger strike and sent word to their keepers that they would not eat until they were given something fit to eat. Their stand had an immediate effect, for they were given some decent coffee and some nourishing stew.

In the other prisons men were crowded five or six in a cell. The sanitary conditions were vile and the food was bad. No effort was made to procure them the simplest comforts or decencies of life.

These prisoners were taken to the court at Mulberry Street and kept all day without food.

Bail had been procured for Tannenbaum and Plunket, but they refused bail while the rest of their comrades were in prison.

The news of the arrests was brought to the notice of the International Workers' Defense Conference, which is an organization called into being by what its members believe to be the many unjust sentences given to labor in its conflicts with capital. The Conference has for its sole object the desire to see the courts working for justice, for labor in this country has too often been tried for its opinions and not for its actual acts of disorder. The Defense Conference therefore procured Justus Sheffield as counsel for the imprisoned men. He refused a "blanket" trial for the men—that is, he refused to let a joint sentence be passed upon all the men together, for there were men in that crowd some of whom did not speak English, some of whom had no knowledge of what was going on, and who only knew that they were homeless and shelterless, and here was a chance to sleep under cover.

There were other men who were in that church, also unemployed and also shelterless, who were there for the purpose of demonstration. Their motive was one beyond that of immediate food and shelter; they wished to bring to the ears of the careless city of New York a knowledge of the condition of the homeless unemployed men and women of this city.

It was manifestly unjust to give these men, who had a further ideal and reason for their conduct and who knew what they were doing, the same sentence that one would mete out to

a foreigner of eighteen who merely followed the crowd in the hope of obtaining temporary relief for his misery. However much society, as represented by the newspapers, the courts, the churches, and all the comfortable people who read the newspapers and go to the churches, might feel that these leaders should be punished for their demonstration, not even the courts would feel that a man ignorant of the philosophy of the leader had equal "guilt" with the leaders themselves.

The first two men arraigned before Magistrate Campbell in the Mulberry Street Court were sentenced to thirty days each in the workhouse. A third man, who pleaded guilty and rejected the services of Mr. Sheffield, was let off with fifteen days. Isadore Wissotsky, a lad of eighteen years with the physique of a poorly nourished boy of sixteen, was sentenced to sixty days. He was one of the few actual members of the Industrial Workers of the World in the crowd.

I am a member of the International Workers' Defense Conference, and was therefore in the Mulberry Street Court witnessing the proceedings. Two or three days after the first victims were sentenced there was a public reaction against the wholesale prosecution of the unemployed. Assistant District Attorney Dickinson announced then that he would visit the prisons, talk with the men, and determine in that way which ones to prosecute. The result of his visit was that a large number of the men agreed to plead guilty. These were let off with suspended sentences. After that precedent it was manifestly impossible to deal with greater harshness with the men who refused to plead guilty, and they also were let off under suspended sentences, with the exception of three of the leaders, tried last, and given fifteen days each.

The toll, therefore, exacted by justice for the St. Alphonsus demonstration was: one boy sentenced to sixty days in the workhouse; four men for thirty days, three for fifteen; and Frank Tannenbaum, who was found guilty of unlawful assembly, was given the maximum sentence of one year in the penitentiary and five hundred dollars fine, which means an additional year and a half in prison if the fine is not paid.

While I was in court I was asked to take the names and addresses of some of the groups of men as possible witnesses for the case of Tannenbaum. That is how I met Adolf. I asked him his name and address.

He gave me his name, but shook his head as to his address; he did not understand me, as he spoke only German, so I repeated my question in German.

"I have no address," he said.

"Have you no friends where a letter might be sent?"

"No," he answered, "none at all."

Adolf was an upstanding, chunky, able-looking young fellow of, I should judge, twenty-eight or thirty. He came from Westphalia and was a skilled workman, a stonemason by trade, a good-tempered, able, courteous-spoken fellow.

"Why," I asked him, "did you plead guilty?"

He said: "I read in the German papers that those men who pleaded guilty would be let off, and that those who pleaded not guilty would be sent to prison. I pleaded guilty of having gone into a church that was not my own—I am a Lutheran. I do not know the laws in America on such things. What was it that the priest and those policemen testified?"

"They testified," I told him, "that you men were disorderly in the church, that you went in with your hats on, that you disturbed the worshipers by running up and down the aisles, and that there were cat-calls and 'booings' in the church."

"That's a lie!" he told me. "Oh, I wish I could speak English! I would like to have testified. Why should we, who came for shelter and to be fed, make disorder in a church? Myself and my three companions read in the German paper that homeless men were getting shelter in churches. We joined the crowd. Two of my companions are stone-masons like myself; the other is also in the building trade. For two nights we had gone to churches and had been kindly treated and given food and shelter. Why, then, should we make a disturbance in any church where we supposed we would be also kindly treated? It's unreasonable."

"They testified," I said, "that Father Kessler rose and asked you men to leave the church."

"I saw the *Geistlicher* stand by a pillar saying something, and I asked one of my companions, who speaks English, what he said, but he could not hear him. The *Geistlicher*s in the other churches had always spoken to us also; we did not know this one was telling us to go. See, this is what happened:

"We walked into the church and took our

seats as we had other times. One of my comrades, who is a South German and a Catholic, was praying. A flashlight went off in the gallery of the church, and we sprang, alarmed, to our feet, and others with us. At the same time policemen began hustling us about. It took us by surprise. We thought we were to be fed and sheltered as before.

"Then I turned around and saw men with hats on and cameras in their hands standing on the back seats. Then, as they began shoving us about, in our confusion there was some disorder. There were no cat-calls." On that point he was definite.

"The police frightened us. We did not know what was to happen. Then we filed out and found we were all arrested. I and my three German friends were all put in the same cell."

As we went up in the subway together he kept repeating to me:

"Why should we make disorder in a church when other churches treated us kindly?"

This man was honestly surprised by what I told him, and honestly indignant. He had been for six days in a cell with his companions. He had had no communication with any of the leaders and knew none of them; he had had no chance to discuss any favorable interpretation of the men's actions. All that he said to me had the weight of his own conviction behind it.

"How did you," I asked him, "a skilled workman, come to be so destitute?"

He pulled out of his pocket a cabinet-sized photograph of a handsome child about five years old.

"That is my little boy," he said; "he is with my mother and father in Germany. I have always sent home all my money to him and my old folks. When I lost my wife, I came out here and always sent my money back. A man by himself can always get along, I thought. I had steady work, always among Germans—that is why I speak so little English—for three years, and then from one day to another my work shut down."

"I took work on a farm near Philadelphia for several months; then again there was no more work for me. A friend of mine read that there was work in New York, so I and two others worked our way from Philadelphia, but the work we hoped to get was gone by the time we got here. And here I am. This is my baggage!"

He tapped the picture of the little boy, a well-dressed, prosperous-looking little Ger-

man, a round, blond-looking baby, well set up, like his father.

"First I sold my clothes, even my overcoat. I got odd jobs for a quarter here and there. I stood in line whenever I saw an advertisement for work, but I never even got near the window. However early I was, there were others there before me. Of course it's against me not speaking English, but you know the hardest part of work is looking for it, especially when you have not slept in a decent place nor had anything much to eat and when the weather's like this. Looking for work and not finding it is the hardest work I know."

There was no whine about his tone, no self-pity. He did not even say to me, "It's all in the day's work." He took his ups and downs with the cheerfulness of a perfectly courageous man, and a perfectly self-sufficient one who has a good trade behind him and who believes that eventually he must find work.

"I've been very lucky," he told me; "I've not caught cold, like my friend. All the time in prison he was coughing and had a fever. If a man keeps his health, he's all right."

There is just the point of it. If a man keeps his physical and spiritual health, he's all right. What happens to the man who never even "gets to the window" week after week, and the man who gets a cough like Adolf's friend, who goes out after six days in prison with a cough and a fever, with not a cent in his pocket and no address? Man after man of those one hundred and eighty-two who were discharged had no address—not even the address of a friend who would receive a letter for him.

Adolf left my house with his head up and his shoulders squared, confident and good-tempered. But what of Adolf if, after another few weeks, he does not get "near a window"?

As he said, "looking for work is always the hardest work." It is so even in my sheltered profession. It is hard work even when you find work; but when you have no home, when you do not know where your next meal is coming from, when you have sold even your overcoat, and have no socks on your feet and no shirt under your coat, it is terrible, nerve-racking work, work that weakens a man's body and destroys his most valuable asset of all—his belief in himself.

It is very bad for a skilled workman like Adolf in the prime of his years, a man who

looked as if he had a life of clean living and good conditions behind him. But when this fate falls upon an older man, or when it falls upon a man yet a mere boy, it is a process by which those derelicts of society called "bums" are made.

Down on Rutgers Square I saw the stuff of which "bums" are made. It was a young crowd that stood in the slush listening to the speakers, boys of eighteen and twenty; Frank Tannenbaum himself is twenty-one. The Committee of Ten who spoke and managed the affairs of these Rutgers Square meetings were all of them young, and the crowd to which they spoke were for the most part young too—nice boys, clean born as anybody's boy, boys ready to work if they had a chance.

In his speech before the jury Frank Tannenbaum said:

"The most religious sight I have ever seen was on that cold and stormy night when I had taken those half-starved men from the streets, placed them in a clean restaurant, and watched them laugh and joke over their food."

No one of us who had seen those boys and men eat could misunderstand what he meant when he said it was a religious sight. Every meal that those men received was helping to save their manhood. Every time they gathered together and came forth from the isolation of their desperate and desolate loneliness the hour was put off when they should lose faith in themselves and should be on the road to becoming "bums."

It was said of these men that they did not want to work. The vicar of St. Paul's, Dr. Geer, said in his statement published in the "World" that of the men whom he sheltered in his church more than half left before breakfast was given them at seven o'clock, and many had gone to look for work as early as four o'clock. And if there were among that crowd those who did not want to work, the question puts itself to one, if one chooses to think about it at all, *Why didn't he wish to work?* Before a man wishes not to work some spiritual or physical catastrophe has overtaken him. At some time in the lives of all such men society has sinned against them. It seemed to me as I watched them, watched the attitude of the newspapers concerning this demonstration, and the attitude of the crowd that jeered them on their cold marches

to their places of shelter, that I saw society in the act of sinning.

A thoughtful man asked me what the meaning of it all was. "Why," he wanted to know, "did the men go to the churches, and why did they assemble together?"

I replied that the leaders and the most thoughtful men in the group wished to get under the skin of society, to make this great and prosperous city realize what misery it harbored; to which he said:

"Well, you may get under the skin of society the wrong way and cause repressive measures to be enacted."

That is the worst arraignment of society I have heard. It means that society does not wish to understand its own crying needs, that the most comfortable part of society is indignant at having its peace destroyed, that it does not wish to give those of its most needy members who have still courage to fight against adverse conditions the right to assemble and the right to show this need. It refuses to realize that these men were but the mouthpieces of the silent thousands who were suffering because society is so ill adjusted that there must forever be an army of unemployed who must be out of work at the first financial depression.

There were serious and conservative newspapers in this town who in their editorial columns advocated such repressive measures and called upon the police to answer the plea of the unemployed with the use of their clubs.

What are unemployed and homeless men in a city to do? The city cannot take care of all of them; it cannot shelter all of them. Far less can it find them jobs.

It is against the law to steal. Vagrancy is against the law, and yet vagrancy is the inevitable result when half-fledged and homeless boys must fruitlessly look for work day after day, or when men who for years have spent themselves in doing their share of the world's work must in middle age walk the streets in a vain search for work.

Suicide is against the law also, and surely slow starvation is suicide of the soul as well as of the body. When Adolf followed Tannenbaum to the Church of St. Alphonsus, he was, in a way, "putting it up" to society; and the answer of society was, "Jail and suspended sentences," and the cry of the press was for the night-stick. These do not seem very adequate answers.

AMERICA TO MEXICO

BY HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

We do not come
With throbbing drum
And fifes triumphant crying.
We know the cost
And count our lost
Or ever they lie dying.

We have no lust for battle
Where men like driven cattle
Go down before the bullet and the blade.
No dread and vengeful ghost
Shall guide our northern host,
Our legions of the just and unafraid.

Where Cortes marched in slaughter
Through blood that ran like water
We sound the knell of passion with our guns.
No lure of land shall blind us,
And the pledge with which we bind us
Is the life and faith and vision of our sons.

Where the empire of the Frank
Drave backward rank on rank
Before the sword of Juarez and the right;
There vultures stand at bay,
There the northern eagles say
That to-morrow will bring freedom and the light!

We can forge no prison bars
From the spirit of the stars,
Though we speak in words of thunder and of flame.
Free Cuba is the token
That our pledge will live unbroken,
Nor shall anger turn our honor into shame.

You have felt the iron heel
And the thrust of naked steel;
You have watched your people minted into gold.
While the promised dawn is breaking
Will you slumber still, unwaking,
Dull peons of the ages stark and cold?

Fling wide your gates before us!
By the love of truth that bore us
Through the blinding rain of death on Bunker Hill,
In our veins the blood is singing,
In our ears the slogan ringing:
Faith is freedom, right is power—and God's will!

THE RAILWAYS AND THE PEOPLE

AN AUTHORIZED INTERVIEW WITH SIR THOMAS
SHAUGHNESSY, K.C.V.O., PRESIDENT OF THE
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY, BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

THE Canadian Pacific Railway is at present the greatest public service corporation in the world. Besides its eighteen thousand miles of track between Halifax and Vancouver, it operates telegraphs, an express service, a number of magnificent hotels, and a fleet of seventy-eight steamships. It is a significant fact that the capitalization of the Canadian Pacific Railway is small—\$200,000,000. Its policy has always been far-sighted and liberal. It has done its utmost to build up its territory with a substantial population and to discourage the speculative practices, especially in land, that are usually rife in a new country.

These public-spirited and successful policies are chiefly due to two men who have been with the road almost from its beginning—Sir William C. Van Horne and Sir Thomas G. Shaughnessy. Both came from the United States and got their training on our railways. They represented the most fortunate combination of abilities for a pioneer enterprise. Sir William Van Horne is a man of extraordinary constructive vision and imagination. It is a unique testimony to his character that as soon as the Canadian Pacific Railway realized his dreams, he lost interest in it and retired from the presidency, though he still keeps a place on the Board of Directors. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy is of a different type. Immense energy and grasp of detail combine with a profound practical statesmanship to make him probably the ablest living railway executive.

He comes from Milwaukee, where his mother still lives. It is said that when Sir William Van Horne went over as President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, his first official act was to go to Milwaukee to persuade young Shaughnessy to go with him. At this time Sir Thomas was purchasing agent for a Western road, and it was popularly said of him (though no doubt the saying was not meant to be taken with strict literalness) that he was the only honest purchasing agent in the United States.

Sir Thomas is of Irish stock and a staunch

Home Ruler. Years of executive responsibility have perhaps impaired the typical Southern Irish manner, but in sentiment and sympathies he remains steadfastly democratic. In his quick sense of justice and human rights, in instinctively putting the human interest before any other, he is Irish to the core. He is a true friend of labor and an outspoken defender of its legitimate rights, especially its right to organize. At The Outlook's request he has given to Mr. Albert Jay Nock an admirable summary of the case for and against Government ownership, and gives it in true democratic fashion. Refusing to be a special pleader either way, or to offer more than the most impartial expert advice—of which he himself sharply marks the limitations—he leaves the question open for the decision of the people.—THE EDITORS.

The Outlook's representative asks me what I think your chances are for having Government ownership of railways. I would do you no service by giving an opinion, even if I had one. It is so long since I was connected with an American railway that I am now only a foreigner, or at least an outsider, and in a matter of this kind an outsider's predictions are never worth much. It is a great mistake for foreigners to set themselves up as oracles and lay down the law about what is going to happen to a country, because, no matter how carefully they observe, they must always lack the native sense of interpretation. They may see all the facts through native eyes, if you like, but they cannot estimate them with a native instinct—that is to say, they cannot feel the obscure and subtle currents of sentiment that are really the determining factors in public opinion. I wish that some time you would look up the specific predictions that foreigners have made about your development, say, in the past ten years, and see how many of them have failed, not on account of defective information, but for lack of that almost clairvoyant sense of moral tendencies which no one but a native can get.

I know, of course, for I see it in the papers and hear of it in conversations, that

Government ownership is being a great deal talked about. I am aware that a bill is being proposed for Congress to act on. But how far all this really represents public opinion I do not know. Or, looking at the situation abstractly, I can conceive of conditions arising which would entail Government ownership, as you might say, by force; as if, for instance, the demand for service, the demand for wages, and the demand for dividends, all combined, should drive the railways into an *impasse*. But these are things any one can see, and, if you want an interpretation of them that would be of any real use to you, almost any American railway president could hit the mark much closer for you than I can.

A nation, however, always gets what it really wants—not what everybody wants, but whatever meets the composite of general public demand. Nothing can be imposed on a free people for any length of time, nor anything withheld from them, unless they wish to have it so. More and more, I think, the older one grows, is one impressed by the accuracy with which all forms of public policy answer to a nation's average of opinion and demand—how clearly, that is, they reflect the average of its intelligence, morals, and even its manners. So, if you really want Government ownership of railways, I am sure you will have it. It is all a matter of making up your mind.

And here perhaps I can be of some real service to you, because, while an outsider can never have the native sense of national tendencies, he always has the one advantage of disinterestedness. There is no reason why he should not be impartial if he wants to be. So I can at least put before you what I think are the general advantages and disadvantages of government ownership as seen by one who has worked on railways all his life and become familiar with railway policies. Perhaps, too, you will permit me to say a word for fairness and good temper in the discussion of your railway problems, and for avoidance of the punitive spirit that I see comes out strongly sometimes in some of your publications and speeches. I do not deprecate this particularly because it is directed against railways, but because it always hurts the national spirit. No nation can be great whose citizens conceive of it only as a battle-ground for perpetually warring special interests. Even if some interests have abused their privileges, there is a right way and a

wrong way of bringing them to terms. But I will return to this later.

I confess I was never able to see any principle of fundamental democracy involved in government ownership. When people say, as some do, that it is *a priori* essential to democracy that the government own and run the railways, I merely ask, Why? To me the question is one of pure expediency. Will government ownership give all-round better service and give it cheaper or as cheap? To my mind, the answer to that question settles the matter. I do not see that any principle of democracy is at stake, one way or the other.

Another thing must be kept in mind. That government ownership or private ownership works well in one country gives no assurance that it will work well in another. The success of government ownership in Prussia, for instance, or Switzerland, does not guarantee its success in Brazil. Private ownership may succeed in England and fail in Spain, Italy, Canada, the United States. There is no forecasting these things. The human element enters into them too largely. When I see writers assume that a national practice or policy may be taken over indiscriminately and without regard to the character and temperament and background of the history out of which it grew, they seem to me to be making a hasty generalization. We can always learn from other nations, no doubt, but the point is to make sure not only that their policies work, but that they will work *for us*. The commercial habits and practices of the English, for instance, will not work in the Argentine. Even in so small a matter as handling street traffic, a system that works admirably in London will not work in Paris. The minute regulation of personal life that seems to satisfy Berlin or Hamburg would raise an insurrection in Naples or Turin. Here, as always, the thing seems to be to keep the golden mean between conservatism and radicalism—between too much stiffness in refusing a new policy and too great haste to take it on without determining whether it will precisely fit us.

There are some objections to government ownership, and I may as well begin by getting them off my mind, and afterwards I will mention the points I see in its favor. First, a government does not move in the railway development of a new district with anything like the promptness and enterprise shown by a private concern. I am not saying that it

cannot, but only that it does not; and this is a point seriously to be taken into account by any country that is not fully developed. I see you have been for some time talking about a government railway for Alaska, and the necessary bill is before your Congress; well, now, I venture to say that you will be much longer actually getting that railway than if a private company had the project in hand. I am not criticising your Congress—there is a sound moral reason why it should be so. After all, if your Government is conscientious, ought it to risk any considerable amount of public money on anything as largely speculative as a railway venture in a new country? It is a grave question, especially when one realizes what few except practical railway men apparently ever stop to think of—namely, the enormous amount of money that always has to be spent on a railway *before you can get a going concern*. All the items of expense that you can see—permanent way, equipment, rolling stock, etc.—these are but a small part of the initial cost of a railway. It is all very well for a man like your late Mr. Rogers, for instance, who has money or can interest his friends, to risk his faith for the initial cost of a venture like his Virginian Railway. If they lose, they lose; it is their own money that they are experimenting with. But the Government is not experimenting with its own money; hence it must reckon closer with the elements of chance and speculation, and satisfy more people about the value of the project; and all this takes time.

In the second place, government administration does not show the same economy and efficiency as a private company. A dollar goes further with a corporation than with a government. Again, I am not saying that it must be so, but only that it is so. I am aware that these two objections are only an echo of the old complaint that “democracy is inefficient,” and obviously the answer is for some democratic system of government like yours to come forward and *be* efficient. If you vote upon government ownership, I hope you will do that. I hope you will show us the most enterprising, economical, and best-managed railways in the world; and then I will be the first to congratulate you and take back everything I have said. But this will not happen until all your public men devote the same energy and enterprise in the public service as they would in the service of their private interests; and while undoubtedly

more of them are approaching this ideal than ever before, you would perhaps hardly claim that all of them have attained it yet.

Then a third objection, coming out of the foregoing, is that for a time at least—long enough to disappoint popular expectation and set up some more or less serious political reactions—rates would probably rise; and, moreover, they would tend to remain fixed with too great rigidity. Few are aware, I think, of the immense difficulty and labor involved in making and adjusting railway tariffs. Rate-makers cannot foresee everything. Mistakes are bound to occur and errors of judgment resulting in hardship are inevitable. Under private ownership, a rate that is onerous or unjust can be quickly readjusted and a sudden change in conditions in a given locality can be promptly met with an appropriate rate. My impression is that it would take longer for a sense of these urgent day-to-day necessities to penetrate to government rate-makers, and also longer for the indicated changes to be made. Once again I admit that this is only a challenge to the efficiency of democracy, and one that I hope some day somewhere will be fully met, as indeed I am sure it will be. No one has greater faith in democracy than I have, or would take longer chances on its methods; but, as I have said, I do not see any essential principle of democracy involved *a priori* in this question of railway management, and I am only recording the testimony of general railway history in noting this objection to government ownership.

A fourth disadvantage is in the sinister possibilities of political organization implied in so large and sudden an increase in the number of government employees. What this would actually amount to in your case I do not know. Personally, I think not much; and yet this is one of the very points about which a foreigner can never be quite sure. It all depends on whether your public spirit has passed permanently beyond the point of tolerating machine politics at all, or whether your revulsion is merely against the crudeness of the old machine methods—whether, in short, you have become more conscientious or only more fastidious. If the latter, then the situation which suddenly increased your army of public employees to a million and a half, in round numbers, would doubtless permit the building up of a very formidable machine.

So much for the general objections to

government ownership. Now, on the other hand, railway property being the most easily socialized body of wealth, and one of the largest as well, if the twenty billion dollars of railway property were taken away from private control, your enormous and distressing inequalities of wealth would no doubt be largely limited. This is the first advantage, and it is considerable. Second, railway investment, which employs so much of your capital, would lose its speculative character by the substitution of bonds bottomed on the Government's credit for bonds bottomed on the credit of a private company. This would remove one of the chief grounds you have for complaint against your railways as hitherto managed.

Unfair discrimination, in the next place—another just ground of complaint—would also disappear under government ownership. It is hard to conceive of a government in your country that would not administer its railways impartially. The impersonal and general nature of government, which in other respects is rather against its efficiency in railway operation, is in favor of it at this one point. A government is raised above the temptations to favoritism which have beset private companies in the throes of competition, and also above the temptation to narrow and local views of industrial and commercial development. Therefore, too—this is the fourth advantage, and very important—under government ownership rates can be adjusted with reference to a maximum development of the country *as a whole*. Germany gives an excellent example of what can be accomplished in this way. The privately owned railway is bound to be most of all interested in the development of the section that it serves; but if the government took its railway work seriously and intelligently, no section would thrive at another's expense through conflict of transportation interests. There would be a harmonious and balanced development of all sections, because the government is able to view the country as a whole, and is indifferent to a forced or unrelated development in any part.

I think the case for and against government ownership can be pretty well summed up under these eight points—four in favor and four against. There are one or two minor points besides, possibly, that might be mentioned, such as the advantages of government-owned roads for military purposes; but to a non-military country like yours this

scarcely counts. Or, in the event of any great general labor trouble, it is an advantage for the government to own the railways, so that transportation cannot be cut off. But there is no necessity for any such labor war in a civilization like yours, and, if you deliberately invite it, one is tempted to say you deserve no more than the fortunes of war. The best antidote for Larkinism—or, as you would call it, Haywoodism—will be found in meeting organized labor with the direct, cordial, and honest interest that human beings ought to feel in one another's welfare. By habitually getting over into each other's point of view, without arrogance or suspicion, with no ulterior motive beyond being human and helpful, both sides to any labor controversy will forthwith find the way to peace, to mutual esteem, and to a sense of common interest.

The same holds true in the present controversy between your railways and your public. There should be extreme tolerance and a sustained effort after mutual understanding. It must be remembered that you and your railways have both been proceeding upon a very different theory of railway property from that which you have recently adopted. You have all been going on the idea that a railway is private property, owned by its shareholders in the same absolute sense in which they might be said to own their overcoats and hats. The public is as much responsible as the railways for whatever abuses have grown out of this idea; for you all had it. And now, in the quick transition to a new and truer theory, there cannot help but be some friction and misunderstanding which patience, fairness, and co-operation will quickly minimize. If we in Canada have any advantage over you, as some think we have, it is only because almost from the beginning we have seen and held to this newer theory, that, *no matter how privately owned a railway company may be, it owes its existence to the public through its charter, and therefore it owes its first duty to the public. The shareholders who constitute the company have undertaken, in consideration of the charter, to perform certain services for the public for which they are to receive compensation, but the public by its legislation has reserved the right to determine what the compensation shall be. Clearly, the interests of the public must rank first; but the very fact that the public accepting the service is also to be final authority in the matter of compensation, would make it as unfair and improper to have that compensa-*

tion established at a figure below its value, to the detriment of the shareholders, as it would be if the transaction were between two business men of recognized integrity.

This has been our theory of railway property, and apparently you are fast coming to accept it also. I see nothing in your situation that good temper, absolute candor, and a strict sense of fair play will not bring out to the best possible results. Like every other great public institution, your railways will always reflect as much, and no more, of these qualities as there is current among the general public. A mere change in the form of ownership will make no difference at all, for a government is never any better than its people. Your railways will always follow the lead of public opinion—there is no doubt about it, they cannot help it—so it is only necessary to form your opinion clearly and wisely. Really, government ownership or

private ownership is not the fundamental thing. The fundamental thing is *honest service on one side and honest compensation on the other*; given this, and you have conditions that will bring the best results to everybody concerned.

The United States has made magnificent achievements in railroading. I shall never outgrow my pride in them or my pleasure at having had in time past some little part in them. I shall be satisfied to see your railways go under government ownership if you calmly and deliberately think best that they should, although it seems to me that your control over them under your present arrangements is comprehensive and sufficient. But my main hope is, as I said before, not so much for the sake of your railways as your National spirit, that you will get through to the end of your problem, whatever that end may be, with full justice to all, and without petulance or bad temper.

WHEN YOUR SON IS A FOOL

BY BRUCE BARTON

I CAN see him as he must have looked when he said it; though I myself was not there and can only repeat the story as it was told me by my friend.

It was in a luxurious hotel in Germany. My friend had been strolling about the lobby when all at once he ran upon the Great Man sitting alone in one of the huge discolored leather chairs and looking strangely pensive. Instantly the Great Man knew himself betrayed—his pictures have made his face familiar to every newspaper reader in this country—and so, yielding to the friendly feeling of one wandering American for another, he motioned my friend to sit down.

They talked for perhaps half an hour, until my friend said finally: "It must be a tremendous satisfaction to have built up such a business as yours, without special privileges of any sort, without any suspicion of unfair commercial practices; to have made your name a Nation-wide synonym for quality goods and fair dealing—that must make you very proud, Mr. Dives."

And the other, staring fixedly in front of him, responded, "Yes, yes—but what does

it all amount to when—your—son—is—a fool?"

After that there was no more conversation. He seemed suddenly unconscious of his surroundings; my friend rose and left him staring there, staring straight in front of him. And all the fine majesty of the merchant prince had crumbled somehow, and he appeared suddenly old, a broken, disappointed father.

I have seen him many times in my mind's eye, drooping and crumpled and worn. There is something haunting about it—the figure of the white-haired old man seated at the top of the great mass of wealth he had builded, and mourning the son for whom in the days of his building he had been too preoccupied to care. It has come to be associated in my mind with another incident that occurred at one of our college commencements.

The president was awarding the honorary degrees to a mixed crowd of notables—a famous scribe, and a rich young ruler, and a couple of smug Pharisees, and one who, if not a publican, was at least, according to the newspapers, a sinner. At the end a name was called that apparently nobody had ever

heard before—"Rev. Josephus Mason, of the class of 1850;" and there came forward, in response to the call, a bent little old man, his eyes shining almost as brightly as the seams on his tight-buttoned black coat.

"Rev. Josephus Mason," read the president, "for forty years minister to the First Congregational Church in Scarsfield; the father of seven useful sons, the seventh of whom has this day graduated with honor from this institution, upon you, in recognition of your service to God and your country in the rearing of such a family, I bestow the degree of Doctor of Divinity."

The assemblage broke into vociferous applause as the old man, his eyes glistening now with tears, stepped down from the white platform, clasping the coveted parchment in both hands, and found his way back to the radiant old lady waiting for him. The seven sons were there together, some of them with their wives and families, and I thought again of the bowed old millionaire staring out of unseeing eyes at the floor of the hotel lobby.

But nobody in the audience took the old man's degree really seriously; that was the trouble. The president's eyes twinkled as he awarded it; the students regarded it as a novel and harmless little pleasantry. Even the old man himself, deep down in his heart, suspected that the honor had really come to him because of his "History of the First Congregational Church of Scarsfield," published the year before, and his frequent contributions to the organ of his denomination. Doubtless copies of these had come to the attention of the trustees, so he thought, and were the real explanation. The idea that fatherhood is really a profession, that success in it is a notable thing, worthy of distinction, never seriously occurred to any one. For the raising of a family in these successful days is one of the things that every man does, but, like playing golf or being handy around the house, it lies outside the serious domain of business, and is therefore a matter of little importance.

When the Great Man died, for instance, all of the newspapers expressed deep regret that he had been so *unfortunate* in his family affairs. That was the word they used; it was nothing, apparently, that he could be blamed for. He was a very successful and worthy citizen, but in his family affairs he had been *unfortunate*. If his estate had been found bankrupt by the executors, the papers would have called him a fool or a knave or a fail-

ure; but the bankruptcy of his domestic affairs was considered a mere matter for condolence. With the picture of him sitting, bent and withered, in that European hotel, one might be easily induced to agree with the verdict. And yet as he sat there that day he knew who was to blame for the *misfortune* of his family affairs.

From the day of his first beginnings at business there had been only one fixed idea in his mind. He had determined to succeed; the atmosphere in which he moved was altogether one of eagerness for money; his business had grown so rapidly as to absorb his energy as fast as he could create it. It had been easier to buy off his son with free indulgence and plenty of money than to sacrifice upon him any of the precious minutes which, with him, were literally golden. So he had built his great success, and his son was a fool.

This is one of the strange things in the world, it seems to me: that the raising of sons and daughters should be considered so purely a personal affair, in which society has no voice or interest, a matter for which a man incurs no blame if he is recreant nor receives any reward for success. The world, as every one supposes, is growing better, and, of course, can grow so only by the cumulative gains of succeeding generations. Yet when a man who has contracted with society to produce one or more members of the succeeding generation presents as his finished product a couple of failures or fools, he is unfortunate.

And if it had been a bridge he had contracted to produce, and the bridge had proved weak or fraudulent, society would have arrested him and put him in jail.

I was visiting the other night in a fashionable suburb, at the home of a man who will receive very extended notices in the newspapers at his death. That morning he had shown me through the offices from which he directs the operation of more than thirty thousand men in a score of different factories. And while we talked that evening in his home his boy, five years old, burst in upon us repeatedly, jumped up and down on the chairs, and finally made further conversation impossible. Apologetically, the father, at whose command an army starts or halts, suggested that we move up to his den, where we would be somewhat more quiet. And so we retreated before the boy.

"I tell you a youngster's a big problem,"

he said to me, as we fled. "I don't want any more; one's all I can handle."

He meant it was more than he could handle; he, who in the daytime handles thirty-five thousand men. On the other hand, the father of John Stuart Mill, who had not one per cent of this man's executive ability, successfully handled nine children. Of course he was only a poor subordinate in the office of a great corporation, who wrote a "History of India" that hardly any one reads; but he contributed to society John Stuart Mill.

"What he was himself willing to undergo for the sake of my instruction," says John Stuart, "may be judged from the fact that I went through the whole process of preparing my Greek lessons in the same room and at the same table at which he was writing; and as in those days Greek and Latin lexicons were not, and I could make no more use of a Greek and Latin lexicon than could be made without having yet begun to learn Latin, I was forced to have recourse to him for the meaning of every word which I did not know. This incessant interruption he, one of the most impatient of men, submitted to, and wrote under that interruption several volumes of his History, and all else that he had to write during those years."

It is possible, of course, that had he not been interrupted he might have written two Histories of India, or become President of the British East India Company; but either achievement would have been little recompense to the world for the loss of John Stuart Mill.

It is time, it seems to me, for a little shifting of emphasis in this question of what constitutes success; time to recognize seriously that there is no service to the world like the rearing in it of sons and daughters competent to carry righteousness a step forward; no treason to the moral order like contributing to the next generation men and women who are a burden to its progress instead of a help.

And time, also, to stop using the word "unfortunate" in obituary notices of successful men whose sons are fools. I should like to see obituaries written, for instance, something like this:

Died, at his home on Riverside Drive, John Dives, President of the International Hose Supporter Co. Mr. Dives leaves a fortune of several million dollars. He has two sons, who are members of the following clubs: Idlers, Drivers and Riders, Tango, and the Monte Carlo.

And this:

DEATH REMOVES GREAT MAN

ALFRED EDWARDS, FATHER OF LARGE FAMILY, GONE—MAYOR AND COUNCIL PASS RESOLUTIONS

Alfred Edwards, father of one of the largest and most useful families in the city, passed away at his home on West 329th Street yesterday afternoon at four o'clock. At his bedside were his wife, his six sons, and his daughter, and members of their families. In his death the city loses one of its representative and most useful citizens.

Mr. Edwards was born in the city some seventy-eight years ago, and, with the exception of a trip to Chautauqua in 1897 and one winter spent with his son Frederick, who is Superintendent of Schools in Tampa, Florida, has lived here all his life. He was married at the age of twenty-three to Miss Minnie Sanford, of this city. They have seven children: John, who is editor of a newspaper in Illinois; James, a practicing lawyer at 45 Pine Street; Frederick, a noted Southern educator; Helen, the wife of Dr. Henry Edgren, of this city; Matthew, Mark, and Luke, who are well known in the business affairs of the city. Mr. Edwards's life was remarkably successful; he lived to see all his children married, and to rejoice in the birth of nine grandchildren, all of whom give promise of clean, useful lives.

The Mayor, commenting on the city's loss, said: "Mr. Edwards's life is a proof of the oft-repeated axiom that success can be attained only by hard work and constant application. Mr. Edwards's success was no accident. For over forty years he has given unremitting care and thought to the training and education of his family. Finding, in his later years, that he could not accept positions of larger responsibility in his office without seriously impairing his domestic efficiency, he gladly made the sacrifice for the sake of his life-work. I have known personally that he devoted his Sundays, his evenings, and many of his days wholly to his boys and girls. The value of such a life to the community cannot be overestimated. As the official head of the city, I extend its heartfelt condolences to the bereaved wife who so splendidly co-operated with him in achieving his notable success."

The funeral will be held this afternoon from the Cathedral, and will be attended by the Mayor and Council.

At the offices of the Consolidated Heat Company, where Mr. Edwards was employed as bookkeeper, it was announced that business would be suspended in order

that the officers and Mr. Edwards's associates might be present at the services.

It is a far cry from our present standards of success to the standard indicated in obituaries like this. But which standard is more nearly correct, judged by the test of time? It would be interesting to trace the influence of the International Hose Supporter Company (which is Mr. Dives's achievement) and the success of the six sons and a daughter (who are Mr. Edwards's) through, say, ten generations, and answer the question then.

In the same suburb with my friend who commands thirty-five thousand men, and does not command his son, there lives another friend of mine, who has deliberately made up his mind that he will probably not rise any higher in the great organization in which he is employed. He has made a comfortable success; he has a good income, and sufficient life insurance to care for his family when he is gone. His acquaintances are not a little perplexed to understand the seeming decline of his ambition. He might have been president of the company, they assert, if he would; yet they see him, in middle life, at the height of his power, stopping work at four o'clock in the afternoon, and spending the remaining hours of the days, and nearly all of his evenings, at home.

But to me his case is no mystery, because

one day, in a burst of confidence, he explained it:

"My boy is growing up," he said; "he will be twelve years old this spring. He's right at the most critical time of his life, when he is forming the ideals and habits that are going to determine his future. I talked it all over with my wife, and we have decided that it's time for me to take up seriously the business of being a companion to the boy. Every afternoon last summer I went to the ball game with him; I've even bought a ball glove for myself so that we can play, and I've joined the athletic club and taken out a membership for him. I'm brushing up on my old college studies, too. I mean to be closer to him in the next ten years than any other companion—to be a bigger influence in his life than any of the influences that are outside our control. He's going to be a better man than I am, if I can make him so."

It's very mysterious to the business acquaintances of my friend. They can't understand why he should be content to remain as secretary of his company when he might easily aspire to the presidency. But their comment does not disturb him at all. He may not leave a great fortune when he dies, but at least he knows that they cannot say of him, "He was very unfortunate in his family affairs; his son is a fool."

COMMERCE AND FINANCE

A WEEKLY ARTICLE BY THEODORE H. PRICE

REFLECTIONS ON RECENT NEWS OF THE BUSINESS WORLD

THE Mexican Situation, in its political aspect, is dealt with in the editorial pages of *The Outlook*.

It remains for me to discuss its commercial and financial aspect.

Of course war is to be deplored from the standpoint of both the humanitarian and the economist, but it is undeniable that two recent wars have given tremendous impulse to the world's commercial development.

The unexampled expansion of English trade in the twentieth century was largely due to the success of the British in the Boer War, and the issue of our own war with Spain was a potent factor in stimulating the extraordinary revival of American business that

commenced with the victory of Manila Bay.

In both cases the forces of commercial civilization were arrayed against those of archaic and inert governments, and the triumph of the former resulted in awakening a large and somnolent population to new needs and new opportunities, the satisfaction and development of which meant the extension of commerce and industry.

The profits of this intensified commercial activity were more than sufficient to offset the military expenditure involved, and, except for the loss of life and human suffering, the world is materially benefited by the fact that energizing and orderly methods of govern-

ment have replaced those which oppressed the people and throttled their progress.

In our own case, the war with Spain undoubtedly increased the National solidarity, and for a time at least arrested the ingrowing tendency of our political mind by concentrating its attention upon questions which were international in their scope. Perhaps something of the same kind is needed just now to distract our politicians from the intensely subjective view of our domestic affairs that seems to be leading them to conclude that "whatever is, is wrong."

At all events, it is reasonably certain that active and aggressive intervention in Mexico would not increase the prevailing depression in the United States. The probability is that it would stimulate activity. A considerable amount of Government money would be put in circulation. Mexican property would improve in value under the ægis of our protection. Trade would be greatly extended, and excitement, which not infrequently cures hypochondria, might prove to be the very remedy that we need for the mental depression by which American business men are now obsessed.

This may seem a somewhat cold-blooded view to take of a contingency which may involve the sacrifice of human life, but the advance of sanitation and medicine has made war a comparatively safe and bloodless affair.

The casualties in the coal mines of the United States each year exceed those of the war with Spain,¹ and the probability is that our entry into Mexico would be welcomed rather than opposed by a large majority of the population.

The late William James wrote an essay in which he raised a question as to whether a "moral equivalent of war" could ever be found. He said that the capacity for heroic self-sacrifice developed by war was essential to strength and integrity of character in the individual and the nation, and suggested that the decay of physical and moral virility would follow the advent of universal peace.

Perhaps he was right.

The Sale of New York City Bonds again draws attention to the fact that the debt of Greater New York, with its five mill-

ion people, is now substantially in excess of the Nation's debt, to which the good faith of nearly one hundred million people is pledged.

At the price obtained for the bonds the city secures the money at the rate of 4.18 per cent, which is not high in view of the enormous amount of bonds outstanding.

It is suggested that the demand for the city bonds and for the State bonds bought not long since by the same banking firms comes largely from great capitalists who prefer securities the principal and income of which are non-taxable and the ownership of which is not subject to verification by the inquisitorial collectors of the Government's revenue.

The rapid increase in the indebtedness of American cities, and the fact that the obligations issued for this indebtedness are exempt from taxation, may ultimately lead to a rather inequitable enforcement of the Income Tax Law. When this law is redrawn, as it almost certainly will be, this is a feature that will probably receive the attention of Congress.

Meantime, since the municipal indebtedness of this country is constantly increasing, and but rarely retired except through the issuance of new bonds, it may shortly become expedient to adopt the European practice of issuing a perpetual obligation.

The English public debt, which is represented by the obligation called "Consols" (so called because they are a *consolidation* of previous issues), is redeemable only by act of Parliament. It is therefore an obligation in perpetuity, payable at the option of the borrower.

As a matter of fact, the outstanding total of the English debt varies considerably from year to year. It is sometimes reduced by the Government's purchase of its own obligations in the open market for account of the sinking fund, and through the resale of the obligations so purchased it may be again increased. The application of this principle to public debts in the United States would doubtless result in a considerable saving of interest to the community.

Not infrequently our cities, counties, and States borrow money in advance of their requirements, and then allow this money to lie idle in banks at a lower rate of interest than has been paid for it. Indeterminate obligations purchasable and resalable by the community that issues them would save much of this waste.

Declining Prices and the Distribution of Securities. Mr. Howard Elliott's

¹ In the Spanish-American War the United States had 241 men killed and 1,300 wounded in the Santiago campaign. Aside from the Santiago engagements the losses to the United States were small.

In the fiscal year 1908-9 there were 2,450 persons killed and 6,772 injured in the coal mines of the United States. In the fiscal year 1909-10 there were 2,412 killed and 7,979 injured.

report to the Special Meeting of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford stockholders, held April 21, contains some very interesting figures in regard to the distribution of the company's stock. Here they are:

DISTRIBUTION OF NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN, AND
HARTFORD RAILROAD STOCK, JANUARY 1, 1914

		1914.	1913.	1912.	1911.	1910, May 1.
1 to	10 shs. inc.	11,860	9,314	8,698	—	—
11 "	50 "	9,661	9,685	8,626	—	13,006
51 "	100 "	2,405	2,348	2,295	—	1,880
101 "	500 "	1,961	1,995	2,101	—	1,942
501 "	1,000 "	201	228	216	—	138
1,001 and over		152	146	170	—	93
		26,240	22,716	22,106	18,652	17,059

NUMBER OF STOCKHOLDERS

	1914.	1913.	1912.	1911.	1910, May 1.
Males	10,712	8,185	8,079	—	5,746
Females	11,034	10,102	9,710	—	7,797
Trusts & Guardianships	3,663	3,666	3,584	—	3,018
Ins. Cos. & Other corps.	831	763	733	June 1	498

Total.....26,240 22,716 22,106 18,652 17,059

AVERAGE SHARES PER STOCKHOLDER

1914.	1913.	1912.	1911.	1910.
59.9	69.06	71.32	71.67	71.44

¹ 1 to 50 shares inclusive.

These figures are most instructive to the student of investment psychology. They show that, despite the decline in the value of New Haven shares and the criticism to which the Company has been subjected, the number of people who are willing to own the stock has increased from 17,059 in 1910 to 26,240 in 1914. During this whole period the market value of New Haven stock has been gradually declining, and the increase in the number of the stockholders was greatest during the year of the greatest decline, viz., 1914.

This would indicate that the lack of confidence in railway securities, of which we hear so much, is not, after all, so widespread.

The truth is, the average American has an abiding faith in the economic future of this country and the political sanity of our people, and is willing to affirm this faith by the investment of his money when prices seem low.

The increasing number of people who have become stockholders in other corporations during the last six months of declining prices show that the New Haven road is not an exception to the general rule that low prices attract buyers.

This tendency is most healthful and will ultimately check the alleged oppression of capital by legislation.

When a majority of the voters become in-

vestors, legislation that depreciates the value of investments is not likely to be popular.

At the last Presidential election 15,062,542 votes were cast, of which Woodrow Wilson received 6,293,019, and was elected.

It is estimated that there are now at least four million persons who own securities of some sort. It is evident, therefore, that it is quite possible that the time may be near at hand when self-interest might bring about the formation of an investors' party that could elect a President.

The savings banks of the United States have over ten million depositors. The life insurance companies have seven million policy-holders. These people are all investors, at least indirectly; most of them are voters; and when they become conscious that legislation is likely to injure the value of investments the personnel of our legislatures is reasonably sure to be changed.

This is one reason why we should feel a confident optimism in regard to the politico-economic future of the United States.

The Cost of Selling Goods is the subject of a very interesting compilation recently made by "System," a Chicago magazine. This cost, which includes rent, advertising, heat and light, supplies, delivery, depreciation, salaries, and a number of other less important items, is as follows for the various businesses investigated:

	Per cent.
Jewelry	25.8
Drugs	24.65
Furniture	23.91
Shoes	23.22
Dry-goods	23.05
Hardware	19.41
Variety Stores	17.76
Grocery Stores	15.91

The cost of making deliveries is greatest with the grocery stores, and nothing in the case of the variety stores, which, as is well known, make no deliveries.

The executive officer of a well-known express company is my authority for the statement that the lowest figure to which his company had been able to work down the cost of its deliveries by wagon was seven cents a package.

In the case of the average retail distributor, the cost of delivering a package of goods is hardly less than ten cents. It is probably true that the expense of selling and delivering, plus the retail merchant's profit, represents an average addition of at least thirty-

five per cent to the cost of most things used in our great cities.

This is a percentage worth thinking of now that times are supposed to be so hard. There is a story that Chief Justice Marshall, of the United States Supreme Court, always went to market in person and carried his market-basket home. When it was suggested that this practice was inconsistent with the dignity of the position he occupied, he is said to have replied that it was his duty to inculcate economy by example.

If men and women of prominence would take the same view of their obligations today, the effect would be most salutary. In New York City most of the ordinary household buying is now done over the telephone. Each telephone call costs three cents; to this should be added the cost of delivery at ten cents per package. If we consider the higher prices and short weight for which such methods give an opportunity, we should probably find that at least twenty to twenty-five per cent is added to the cost of living in most households as a result of sheer laziness. The hard times are felt most keenly by the so-called middle class, which is the class in which this disregard of the fundamentals of economy is most general.

Fire Insurance Profits for the year 1913 are the subject of a very interesting tabulation prepared by the Connecticut Insurance Department. This statement shows that the fire insurance companies in the United States, reporting to the State of Connecticut, made a net profit of \$6,353,440, upon an earned underwriting income of

\$282,503,054. This profit is arrived at by deducting from the earned premium income of, as above..... \$282,503,054
 Losses incurred..... \$159,073,478
 Expenses incurred.... 116,635,853
 Other debit items..... 440,281

Total deductions..\$276,149,614 \$276,149,614

Profit..... \$6,353,440

This result certainly does not sustain the theory that fire insurance companies are making an excessive profit. No important conflagration occurred during the year under review. The underwriting profit is, nevertheless, only about two and one-quarter per cent upon the gross amount of earned premiums, and these premiums were paid to secure indemnity against destruction by fire of property valued at nearly \$50,000,000,000. This showing makes it easy to understand why the amount of American capital invested in the fire insurance business is not increasing. It also lends fresh emphasis to the need of finding some way in which to reduce the enormous and unnecessary waste by fire in the United States. To the actual loss must be added the expense of getting people to insure and maintaining the machinery of insurance; the total economic waste is probably not less than four hundred million dollars a year. It is generally admitted that the ease with which insurance is obtainable is an encouragement to what may be described as "passive arson" through carelessness, and a law which would make it impossible for any one to insure property for its full value would seem to be the first step necessary in any reform.

THE SPECTATOR

AS the Spectator was walking over what the truth compels him to declare was a somewhat slushy winter landscape he met one of his neighbors, a landscape painter, near whom it is the Spectator's happy fortune to live. A talk—beginning with those most comfortable bromides, indifferent inquiries about each other's health—had drifted to the beauty of the surrounding woods and fields, and the artist spoke with keen enthusiasm of a few winter sketches in which he had found great delight. "But," he went on, "an artist can make these only for his own pleasure. So

far as the public is concerned—the public that buys pictures—winter hardly exists. Only at long intervals will anybody buy a picture of anything but spring or summer."

¶

Now the Spectator had supposed that the superabundance of verdant landscapes was due partly to the fact that artists, like the rest of us, suffered from the weather, and could not carry on their outdoor sketching when the thermometer was low. But apparently there is another cause—a fashion in landscape buying. But, assuming that it is city dwellers who buy pictures, this

prejudice against wintry landscapes should not be, for the inhabitant of the city is well fitted, perhaps best fitted, to see the beauty of the winter landscape.



Strangely enough, the city dweller is even more likely than the all-the-year-round countryman to enjoy the freshness of vision for which the student of landscape must consciously strive—the ability to see things as they are—which artists assure the Spectator is so great a rarity, even among themselves, that it goes far alone to make that rare thing, a colorist. Of course, if this gift is enjoyed by the city man (and it is the Spectator's belief that he is most apt to possess it), it is probably due to the lack of familiarity contemplated by the old darky's saying, "Too much o' freedery breed despise." The real countryman, who makes a living out of landscape without the intermediary of canvas and colors, sees in it a sort of practical machine for the production of crops. To him the daisy in the fields is not even a daisy and nothing more; it is a pestiferous weed. Scotland's dauntless emblem is to him as relentless an enemy as were the old Highlanders who overflowed their borders on cattle-lifting expeditions.



But the Spectator and his fortunate fellows whose vegetables seem to them to come from the grocers, and whose live stock issues from the butcher shop, do not see nature through utility's veil. Nor do they see it so constantly as to lose the freshness of eye that can respond to the more delicate vibrations of natural color. It is in winter that this faculty is most valuable. When blossoms are vying with one another in issuing invitations to the insect world and hanging out their natural posters, when every plant is carrying on its manufacturing or chemical industries, even the dullest must be sensible of that spirit of life that expresses itself in vigorous coloring. In the winter, however, nature cares nothing about attracting your attention. She is wearing her old clothes, from motives of economy. There is a lull in her business while she waits for better times. Therefore she has put aside her most distinctive hues and colorings, and remains, like the old French abbé, satisfied if at the end of a revolution she can sum up her achievement by saying, "I have lived through it."

The Spectator begs any city dweller who takes a journey, by commutation or otherwise, to put aside his magazine or paper and glance afiel as the landscape is unrolled before him. Let him take the trouble to note the colors of the distant woods against the horizon; let him try to name the shades by which the leafless branches outline themselves against the sky. If these are shadowed, he may be surprised to find that the name of one hue will suit them quite as well as that of another. If they are in light, against a darkened sky, he will learn a new gamut in grayness.



As for earth's carpet, no one who has ever compared the winter's field coloring with summer's green (having in mind only color) can hesitate to award the palm of beauty to the dried grasses. If to these two broad shades one will add the wide range of winter skies, with their more frequent clouds and greater massing, he will have the material for an artistic kaleidoscope that will prove a fount of overflowing delight. The Spectator will not be deterred by triteness from speaking of this coloring as in a minor key, and he claims for it all the fascination that music finds in this most emotional region.



If the smile of Mona Lisa finds other expression than in her face, might not its nearest resemblance be found in a winter landscape, where everything is hinted, and nothing fully expressed except the sense of repose and invitation?



Lest the Spectator be misunderstood, he wishes here to correct the impression that he may have said that city dwellers *are* more appreciative of these delicate tones and shades than are their brethren of the country. He has said only that he believes them more capable of appreciation if they will but look around them. To love outdoor nature the Spectator believes is possible to all finely organized persons, but he does not believe that the love is spontaneous. It must be awakened by one who, carrying the torch, hands it to a younger runner in the race; and he therefore appeals to all who have power to awaken this faculty in the young, that they neglect no opportunity to implant the beginning of that delight in natural beauty which will be a lifelong pleasure and one beyond the caprices of fortune.

THE NEW BOOKS

A LIFE OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE¹

In the words of Benjamin Jowett, her friend and correspondent for more than thirty years, it was the fate of Florence Nightingale to "become a legend" in her lifetime. Two large volumes are none too large to record the activities of this many-sided woman. Early in her girlhood she found but small space for her aspirations, and her plaints, though sometimes whimsical, are sincere. The wealth and position of her family provided every opportunity possible in those days for education, travel, and social gayeties. When she was only seventeen, she was introduced into Continental social and political circles, and responded to the stimulus with all her intellectual vigor. Feeling within herself a "call" to some service more than that offered in her own home, she finally overcame the opposition of her conventional parents and took short terms of instruction in Kaiserswerth and later in Paris in nursing—her chosen work. Born in 1820, she was not the enthusiastic, untrained young lady, the mystic devotee of sentimental imagination, when at the age of thirty-four she responded to the call of the Government and conducted forty women nurses to the seat of the Crimean War. She was truly a "ministering angel," but she also deserved the characteristic praise of Queen Victoria—"Such a clear head, I wish we had her at the War Office." The next best thing in her life was her close connection with Sydney Herbert, at that time "Secretary at War," and her wise and powerful friend in all her enterprises until his death. Her Crimean experiences were only the prelude to long years of practical work for the benefit of the army, most of it conducted from the seclusion of an invalid chamber. Her advice was sought by statesmen; she was the patron saint and practical organizer of modern nursing; her interest in and plans for the English army in India and elsewhere have left indelible impress upon the century. Apart from the public aspect of her life, one rejoices to find, somewhat unexpectedly, all through these most interesting chapters that the "Lady of the Lamp" had a keen sense of humor, a biting irony, a gift of hitting off

peculiarities in her friends and foes, and was altogether distinctly human. We cannot speak too highly of the work of her biographer. His task was complex and enormous, as he tells us that Miss Nightingale was a "hoarder" and kept every scrap of paper that came into her hand. The summing up of her character and career by the author is noticeably fine and discriminating. It tempts one to quotation almost beyond resistance. "Florence Nightingale was no plaster saint. . . . She knew that to do good work it requires a hard head as well as a soft heart. She found no use for 'angels without hands.'" She preferred the literature of fact to that of imagination. "Wondering," she said, "is like yawning, and leaves the same sensation behind it, and should never be allowed except when people are very much exhausted."

This wonderful woman died in 1910, aged ninety years, leaving a legacy to the world which she put into words for one of her fellow-workers: "*All are better off than if he had not lived; and this betterness is for always, it does not die with him—that is the true estimate of a great Life.*"

Chance. By Joseph Conrad. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.35.

For subtlety of art no one now writing fiction approaches Conrad. Whether this is praise or blame depends on the reader's point of view. Mr. F. P. Adams, the humorist, in his "Tribune" column lately asked to be told why it is that he doesn't care for Conrad when he knows that he ought to care for him. Probably the reason is that Mr. Adams is a humorist and Conrad hasn't, in this book at least, a glimmer of humor in his way of looking at life. He is no more involved and indirect in his narrative than Mr. De Morgan, but how different are their two books lately published, "*Chance*" and "*When Ghost Meets Ghost*"! A little cheerfulness would have made "*Chance*" an easier book to read.

But, apart from Mr. Conrad's preternatural solemnity in creating and analyzing characters, his workmanship is of the finest. Little by little in this story the contact of chance circumstances upon the life of an almost friendless girl, a convict's daughter, molds her character and reacts upon others. If the reader's attention is slow to arouse, once fairly engaged, it becomes increasingly intense to the end.

In the skilled use of language to produce a planned effect Conrad is a past-master, and this is the more remarkable in that he did not know

¹ *Life of Florence Nightingale.* By Sir Edward Cook. In two vols. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$7.50.

a word of English until he was nineteen—he is a Pole by birth (Joseph Conrad Korzniewski was his name originally). His first story, "Almayer's Folly," was published when he was thirty-eight years old and after a long period of life at sea, which he has utilized so skillfully in "The Children of the Sea" (known in England as "The Nigger of the Narcissus") and in most of his other stories, including, to some extent, his new story, "Chance." One critic—and perhaps critics of the first order have been the warmest admirers of Mr. Conrad's achievement—has summed him up as "a man of keen observation, delicate perception and subtle intelligence, a unique training and experience, and withal a complete mastery over our language."

Dodo's Daughter. By E. F. Benson. The Century Company, New York. \$1.35.

It is twenty years since the author made a sensation with his "Dodo." The book was talked of partly because it was alleged that some of its characters were taken from life, partly because Dodo was rather more than unconventional in her irresponsible talk. In the critical opinion of the day, the story was not so much immoral as fashionably improper. But that "Dodo" was likable and amusing no one ever denied. She is still so in Mr. Benson's new story—far more than her over-sophisticated and excessively modern daughter. "Dodo" still talks with lively inconsequence, and sometimes about things not commonly made the subject of general conversation. It is as if she had a prankish humor in shocking people. But there is no great harm in her; nor is there in the younger set now introduced, except that they rather tire and displease by their strained efforts to appear *blasé* and clever.

Penrod. By Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.25.

Penrod is called by various people in the story "the Worst Boy in Town," but he isn't, manifold as are his delinquencies. He is just boy. His scrapes and enterprises are the individual outworkings of universal boyishness. It sounds very solemn to say that the book's psychology is true, for one reads the story for its fun; but the fun wouldn't be half as "fetching" if it were not based on a genuine knowledge of boy nature. Mr. Tarkington has written more ambitious stories, but never one more amusing.

Felicidad. By Rowland Thomas. Little, Brown & Co., New York. \$1.25.

Landing casually from his *prau* for a night's stay on a little Pacific isle, the name of which, being interpreted, is Happiness, the hero of this charming and romantic tale finds all that is desirable—peace, comfort, friends, love; and in Felicidad he is content to make his home, to enjoy its simple pleasures, and to become one of its unambitious and gentle people. The spell of Felicidad is upon the reader as it was upon Don John. Mr. Thomas reproduces ex-

quisitely the languid delight of his imagined island.

Ladyship's Conscience (Her). By Ellen Thorncroft Fowler. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.25.

There is a quantity of good talk, often verging upon the improbable in its forced cleverness, in the new novel by this popular writer. The difficult task undertaken—to make the reader concede the attractiveness of the heroine—is accomplished, but no one can go so far as to accept the solution of the love affair of her ladyship without incredulous smiles. The noble family of mother and two daughters present individual characteristics that are amusing and true to life, but the machine-made plot is too much for mortal mind.

Our Mr. Wrenn. By Sinclair Lewis. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.

A promising story by a new writer. At times it reminds one of Mr. H. G. Wells when in his younger writing days he described the life of a draper's assistant, at times of O. Henry because Mr. Lewis has the knack of making New York in its ordinarily humdrum aspects alive and interesting. There is no imitation, however. Mr. Lewis has his own methods of realism, and there is more than a hint of the romantic disposition underneath the outwardly commonplace nature of "our Mr. Wrenn." Constructively the story is unsatisfactory, but it certainly arouses attention—and expectation also.

Storm. By Wilbur Daniel Steele. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.25.

This storm rises to a cyclone before the hero wins his maid. Portuguese life on and off Cape Cod is picturesquely described by the author, who must have seen with his own eyes the sand dunes and mingled with the crowds of fishermen in the narrow village streets. Joe Manta is a big hero, and shoulders his way through life after primitive fashion.

Fool of April. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. The John Lane Company, New York. \$1.35.

The theme of this novel is one that Walter Besant would have dealt with in a charmingly fantastic way; Mr. McCarthy handles it too realistically and at too great length. A middle-aged, staid London bank clerk receives a legacy of £24,000 from a man he never heard of, with the condition that he spend it all in a year in living the life of a fashionable man of the world under the guidance of a young clubman. He comes out of the ordeal very creditably, on the whole, because he is a man of good sense and a good heart.

Beckoning Land (The). By E. Alexander Powell. The Caldwell-Sites Company, Roanoke, Virginia. 50c.

Mr. Powell writes enthusiastically of the claims and advantages of Roanoke and of the beautiful Virginia mountain country near by. The booklet is remarkably well illustrated with

reproduced photographs, several of which are printed in color. Both in pictorial and readable qualities this is an exceptionally well done piece of work of its class.

Ægean Days. By J. Irving Manatt. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$3.

This volume has atmosphere of a kind very satisfactory to the classical scholar and instructive to the man in the street. For instance:

The dismal daybreak cooled even the youngest ardor and gave me what I coveted—an almost unbroken day at home with Homer. Over the best fire-mine host could provide—alas! it was no ten-foot-through Homeric hearth, piled high with blazing logs, but only a battered tin bathtub filled with hot ashes and embers—I bent me to the delightful task of reading all the Ithacan story on Ithacan soil. The task was done when at five o'clock the masters of the Hellenic School dropped in to afternoon coffee. Over the cups we discussed the South African War to please them, and to please us they took turns at rhapsodizing snatches of their own poet.

The day's reading had rounded to its proper close my Ithacan pilgrimage. I had lived over the whole great story from Athene-Mentes' first appearance to the final brush with the suitors' friends. I had followed Odysseus' every step from his landing here, fast asleep, until the gray-eyed goddess stayed his red right hand. And, taking due note of dawns and sunsets, I found the Poet had given him just five days for the whole business—ere he need fare forth again where landlubbers should mistake his oar for a winnowing fan. We, too, had done Ithaca in five days, and were content to re-embark on the prompt little Pylaros as the sun went down and launch out again on the wet ways.

The particular value of the present volume over other books on Greece is twofold. First of all, as is shown by the above extract, the Homeric thread runs through the text, and gives to it a certain backbone and fiber. In the second place, however, to jump from the most ancient to the most modern time, we find the author apparently as much saturated by the political and literary and artistic present condition of Greece as he was by the conditions of the Homeric age. Hence his references to the present development of Greece are of special interest and worth. Professor Manatt is the friend of the Greeks. He is fascinated by the ancient and heroic period of their history, but he is intensely interested in modern Greece. His book is, in large degree, a defense of the Greece of to-day, and one strong reason for his defense is that he believes in the continuity of the old and the new culture. It is a pity that his text has not had the advantage, as it should have had, of adequate illustration. There are illustrations in the book, it is true, but their reproduction leaves much to be desired.

Russia of the Russians. By Harold Whitmore Williams, Ph.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

One of the most informative books in an excellent series instructs us concerning Russia, especially its trade, peasants, press, bureaucracy, Church, literature, art, and, in particular, its "intelligentsia." The explanation of the intelligentsia forms what to us is the book's chief feature. An "intelligent," or member of the intelligentsia, says Dr. Williams, is not merely

an "intellectual." The "intellectuals" of other countries enter more or less completely into the life of their environment and conform to its customs. But the life of the Russian intelligentsia has been a protest against the existing order. Thus the distinguishing quality of the intelligentsia was not that its members wrote books. For instance, Tolstoy was not an "intelligent," because the intelligentsia habit of mind, according to Dr. Williams, was repugnant to him. The author continues:

Turgenev, again, was not an intelligent. He was keenly interested in the intelligentsia, associated with, and frequently described in his novels, its members. . . . But Turgenev described them as an outsider, as a highly cultivated country gentleman who would never quite consent to identify himself with the intelligentsia class. Dostoevsky, again, was and was not an intelligent. He was a townsman, and lived, like a typical intelligent, a restless, hand-to-mouth, irregular life.

The qualities necessary to the intelligentsia were fervor to an ideal of political and social redemption and contempt for the goods of this world. While the result was, in many instances, a dogmatic, narrow, censorious, and intolerant spirit, the effect of any lofty and disinterested thinking must be of value in the remaking of Russia.

Passing of Empire (The). By H. Fielding-Hall. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$2.50.

The title of the present volume seems unfortunate, for one is not sure what Empire is meant. But the subject of the volume is quickly revealed—India. The book differs from other books on that country because it is not a description of the characteristics of its people as contrasted with those of other peoples so much as a discussion of the destiny of India. In order to understand this, the author spends a good deal of time in filling in a proper historic background. He then projects a foreground into the picture very different in character from that already sketched. He shows us how different the new civilian in India is from the old, how different his training, how different the laws, whether criminal or civil, and what changes are taking place in village and municipal government and in education. The author's aim in writing this book has evidently been to show that England's duty is not to make of India a subject but a daughter. He admits that it has required great courage and ability and self-sacrifice to conquer India, but he shows that the freedom of the people needs the yet greater application of courage and self-sacrifice. As to the natives, race, caste, and creed, as the author says, have ruined India, and are still ruining her. If a new India is to arise, these things must be sacrificed. The question is, Will they be sacrificed? Mr. Fielding-Hall indicates the reforms necessary to transform the country's politics, economics, and society. His book is timely both on the ideal and on the practical side. It unfortunately lacks an index.

BY THE WAY

The second anniversary of the loss of the Titanic was commemorated by the unveiling in the Palace of Peace, at the Hague, of a bust of William T. Stead, the distinguished English journalist and worker for international peace, who was one of the victims of the disaster.

A fine oak tree near Philadelphia, having associations with Washington, Lafayette, and the Continental Army, was recently saved from destruction by fire through the efforts of patriotic school boys and girls, who rallied to its rescue. The same agricultural paper which records this praiseworthy action tells of the cutting down of another ancient oak, 125 feet high and nearly nine feet in diameter at the base, by its owners. Children with ideals, as in the other case, were apparently needed to save this latter landmark.

Mr. Arthur Briesen, President of the Legal Aid Society of New York City, writes, in correction of a statement that the average cost of its cases to its clients is \$1.19, that that sum is the cost to the Society, while to the client the cost is only 30 cents. Thus the poor of New York are deeply indebted to this philanthropic Society. During the thirty-eight years of its existence the Society has spent for their protection \$2,036,550 more than it has charged for its services.

Discussing American and English humor in "Life," G. K. Chesterton finds greater consistency and continuity in the American humorist's product. "Huckleberry Finn," he says, "goes straight to its end in a way in which 'Pickwick' does not go straight to its end. . . . American laughter . . . goes ahead; it does not go astray. By this it misses much; for the adventures of Gil Blas or Pickwick are found by going astray. But it also gains something: . . . it gains its object."

The North Dakota Agricultural College, located at Fargo, has built a theater for the production of "such plays as can be easily staged in a country school, the basement of a country church, the village hall," etc. This "Little Country Theater" is well adapted for the presentation, especially, of one-act plays, and the College hopes to make it a medium for the production of original plays dealing with the life of North Dakota's varied population.

One of the scarcest of American autographs is said to be that of John Eliot, the famous "apostle to the Indians." This fact lends interest to the recent sale of several letters from him, one of which quaintly says that "in the hot sunmes the Indians delight to goe in linnen and work if in any garment only a linnen garment if they can get it."

"Punch" delivers itself of an Irish bull brought up to date, the conversation being over

the telephone: "What! ye can't hear what I'm sayin'? Well, thin, repeat what ye didn't hear and I'll tell it ye again."

Mme. Calvé, the famous operatic singer, announces that she will not appear again on the stage. "I shall also," she says, "never be photographed again. I have sworn it." There is a time, she thinks, when one ought no longer to be photographed. This may possibly be true of actresses; but the world would not willingly lose its photographic portraits of Walt Whitman, John Burroughs, John Muir, Tolstoy, and other "grand old men."

Orange, New Jersey, has decided to have government by commission. Three years ago it rejected this form of city government.

According to M. Bergoigne, a French scientist, the meal hours in a system of rational hygiene would be: the principal meal at 7:30 A.M.; a second meal at 4:30 P.M., and a light repast at 8:30 or 9 P.M. The general reversal of this regimen, in urban populations at least, by having the principal meal at 6 or 7 P.M. seems to be due to the fact that that is the leisure time of the day, when both mind and body are at rest. Strenuous work after a hearty meal is certainly not promotive of health.

A Yorkshire M. P., noted for love of punctuality and lack of humor, says "Christian Life," is superintendent of a local Sunday-school. A few Sundays back he had the pleasure of making the following announcement: "Dear fellow-workers and children, out of the entire school only one person is absent to-day—little Maggie. Let us hope *that she is ill*."

Sir Charles Wyndham, the English actor, was told as a young man that he would not live long. The other day, at the age of seventy-seven, he was occupied in learning a new part for a play he is going to produce. "I don't contemplate retiring yet," he said, "and when I do I shall simply go out. There will be no farewell performance for me." Other members of the theatrical profession who are still young are: Sarah Bernhardt, age 69; Ellen Terry, 66; Sir John Hare, 70.

An American who lived three years in London and then returned to his native country gives his "impressions of America" in "The Trimmed Lamp." He says: "I confess to being agreeably surprised in the American people themselves. They do not appear to advantage in a less flamboyant setting than that which their native land provides. . . . The men are genuine products of a competitive society. They are workers and fighters. . . . They are what they are, they do not pretend to be anything else, and they must command respect and admiration within their limits."

Current Events Pictorially Treated



PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

VICTORIANO HUERTA

The Mexican general whose assumption of the Presidency of Mexico and whose defiance of the United States Government have been the immediate occasion, if not the fundamental cause, of the outbreak of hostilities

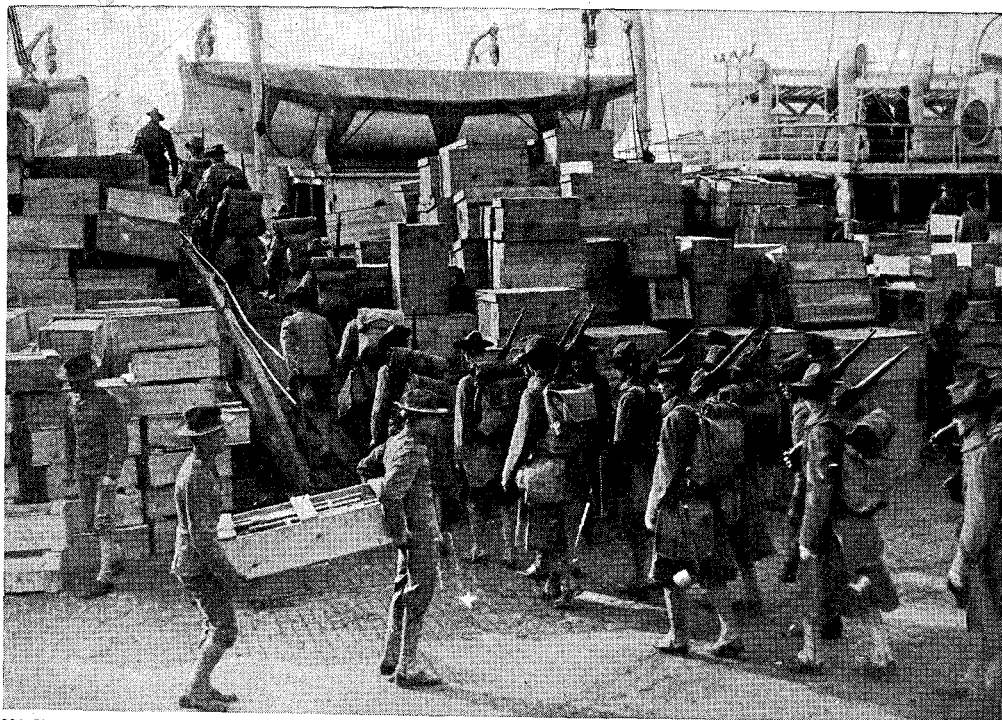


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COUNT SHIGENOBU OKUMA

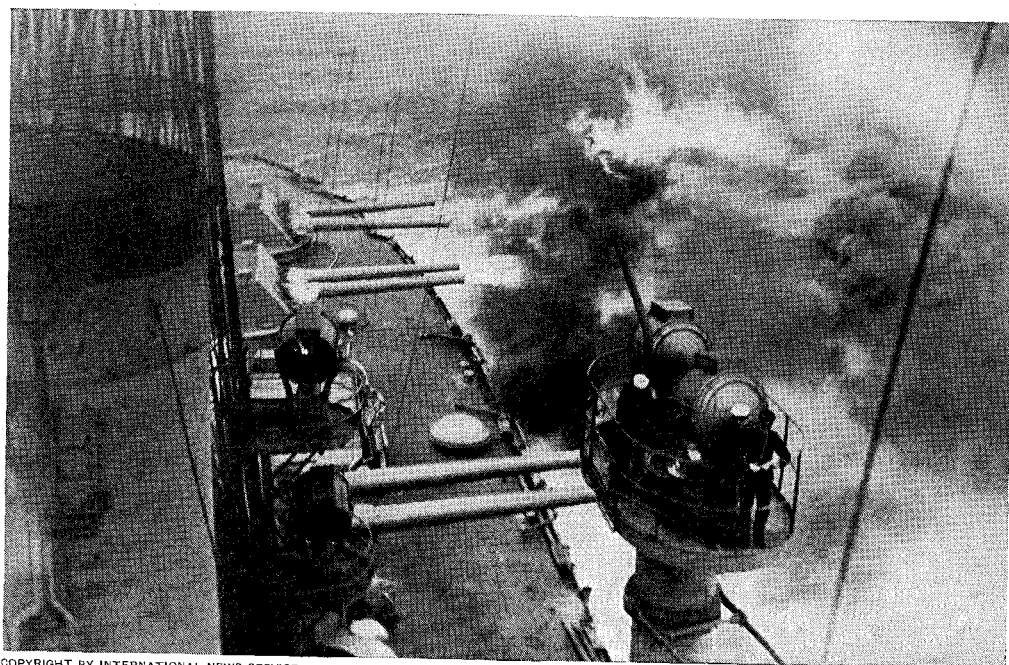
An editorial on the accession of Count Okuma to the Premiership of Japan appears in this issue of The Outlook

This picture shows a very characteristic attitude of Count Okuma in Japanese dress sitting in his garden ; for the Premier has the love of nature and the interest in gardens which are characteristic of his people. On his large estate near Waseda University in Tokyo there is a commodious foreign house in which he receives visitors and delightfully entertains them. There is also a Japanese house in which he lives surrounded by a very beautiful garden



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UNITED STATES MARINES MAKING PREPARATIONS FOR THE VOYAGE TO TAMPICO

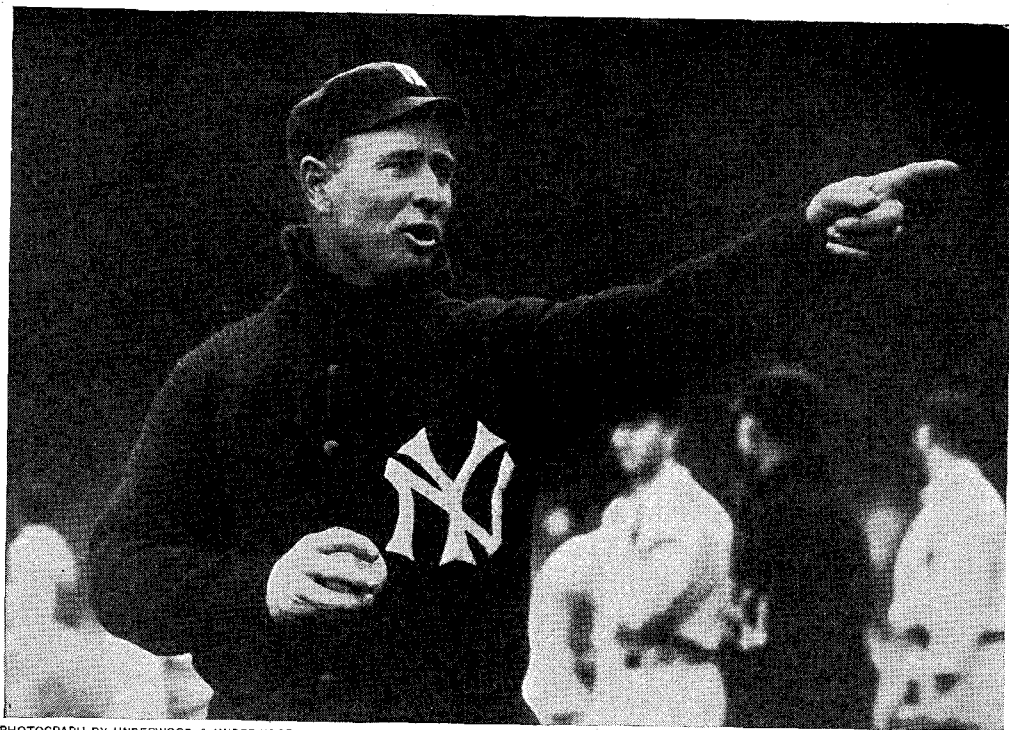


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A BROADSIDE FROM THE FLORIDA

THE AMERICAN NAVY READY FOR ACTION

The Mexican crisis which summoned the Atlantic fleet to Tampico found the navy prepared. See editorial comment



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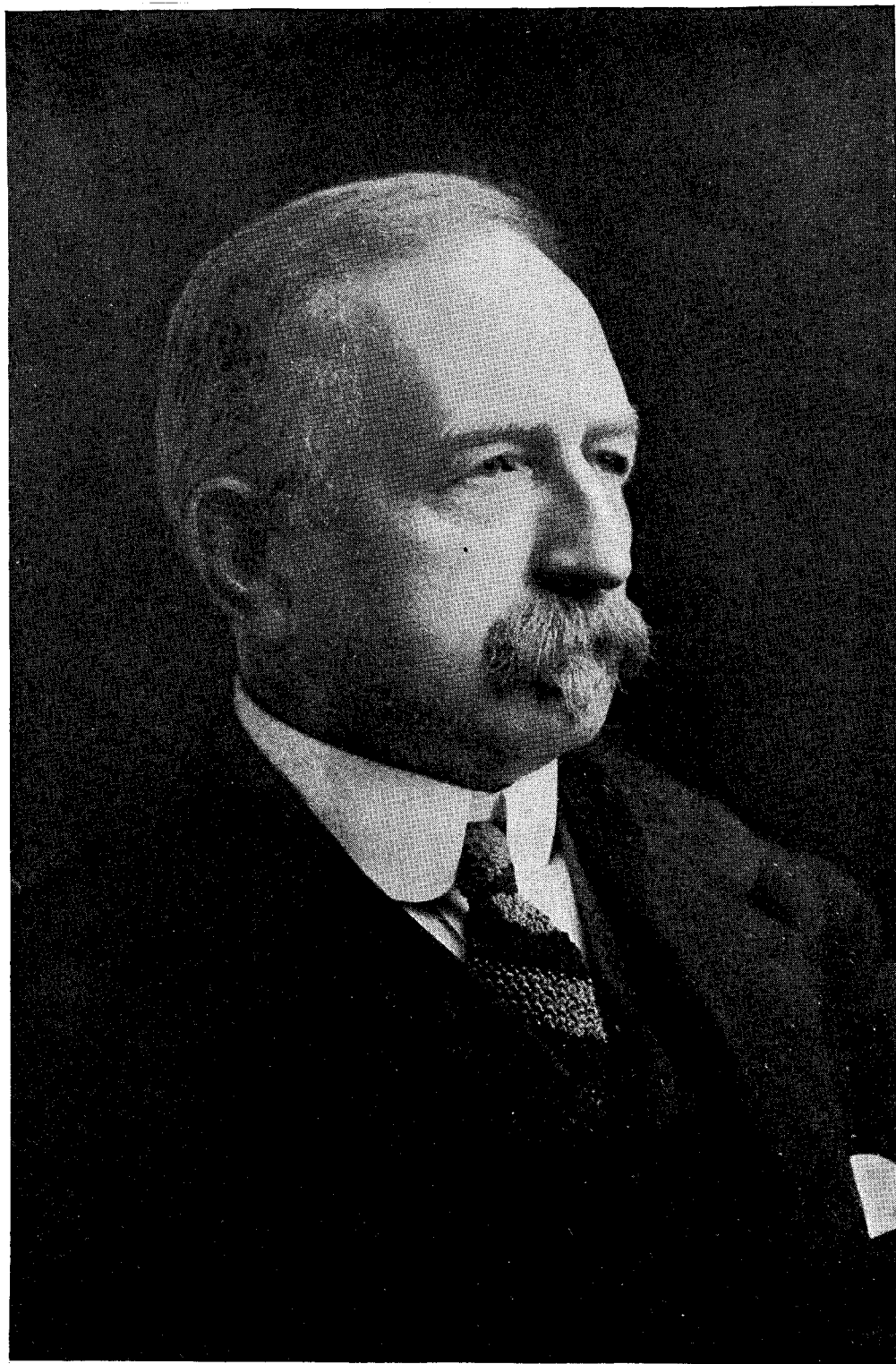
MANAGER CHANCE OF THE NEW YORK TEAM OF THE AMERICAN LEAGUE
AT THE OPENING GAME WITH PHILADELPHIA



PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

EX-GOVERNOR TENER, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE, THROWING THE FIRST BALL
IN THE OPENING GAME BETWEEN BOSTON AND BROOKLYN

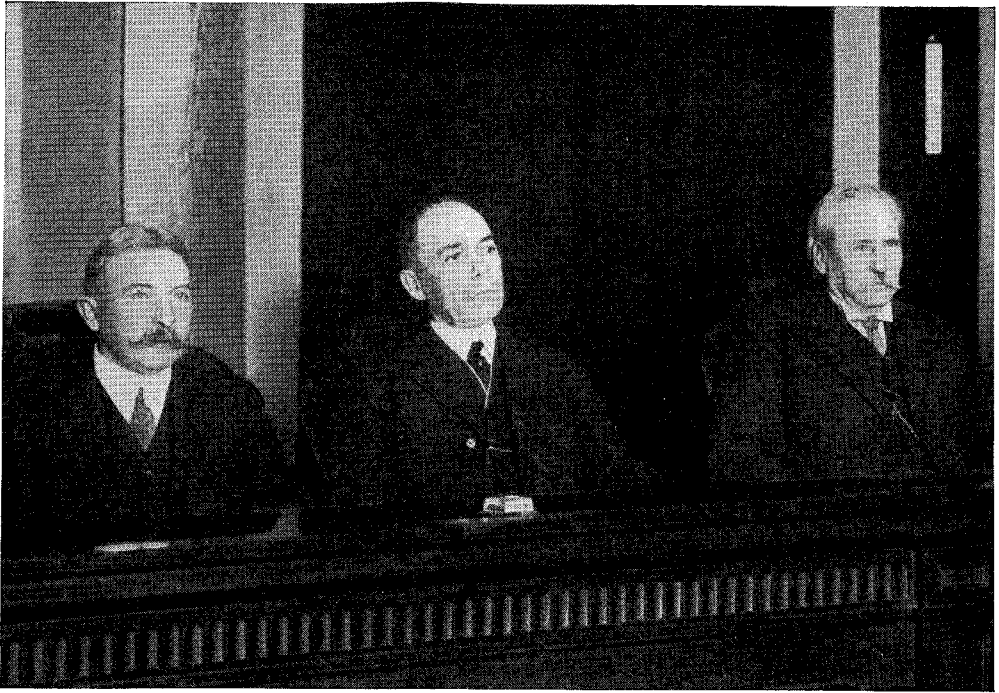
THE NATIONAL GAME AGAIN TO THE FRONT



PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT & FRY

SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY
PRESIDENT OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Sir Thomas was born in Milwaukee in 1853; for most of his active life he has been associated with the "C. P. R." He was knighted in 1901. See his article in this issue



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THE INTER-STATE COMMERCE COMMISSION

This photograph shows the full membership of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, Henry Clay Hall, C. C. McCord, J. C. Clements, James S. Harlan, Chairman;

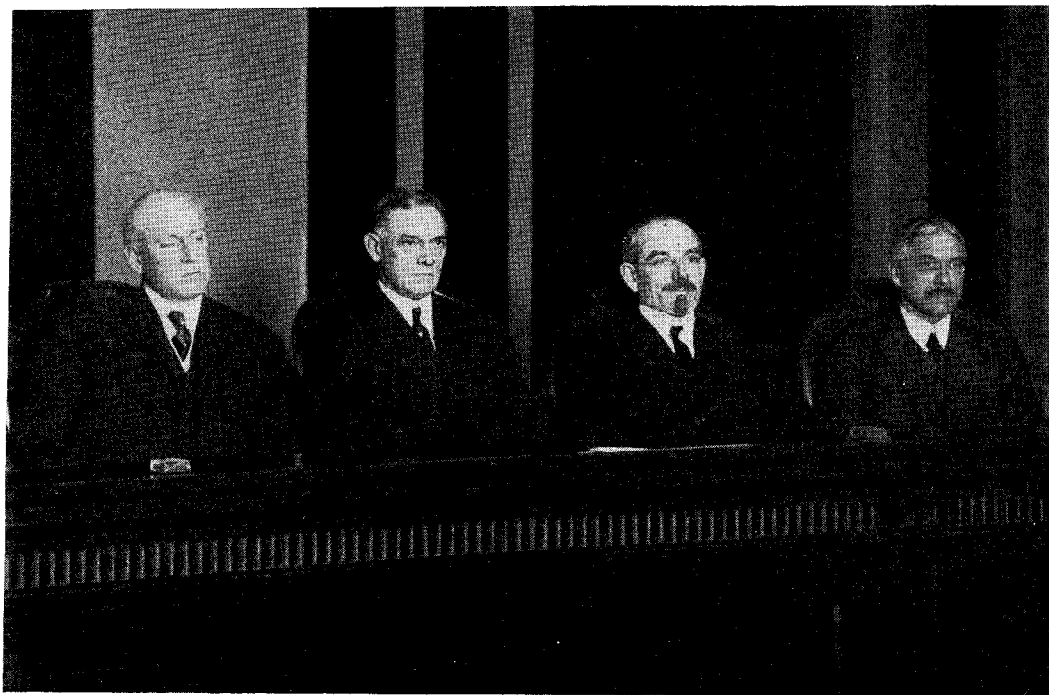


MORE WATCHFUL WAITING.

FROM THE NEW YORK WORLD

OPPOSING VIEWS OF THE RAILROADS' RELATION TO THE

See editorial



SESSION AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

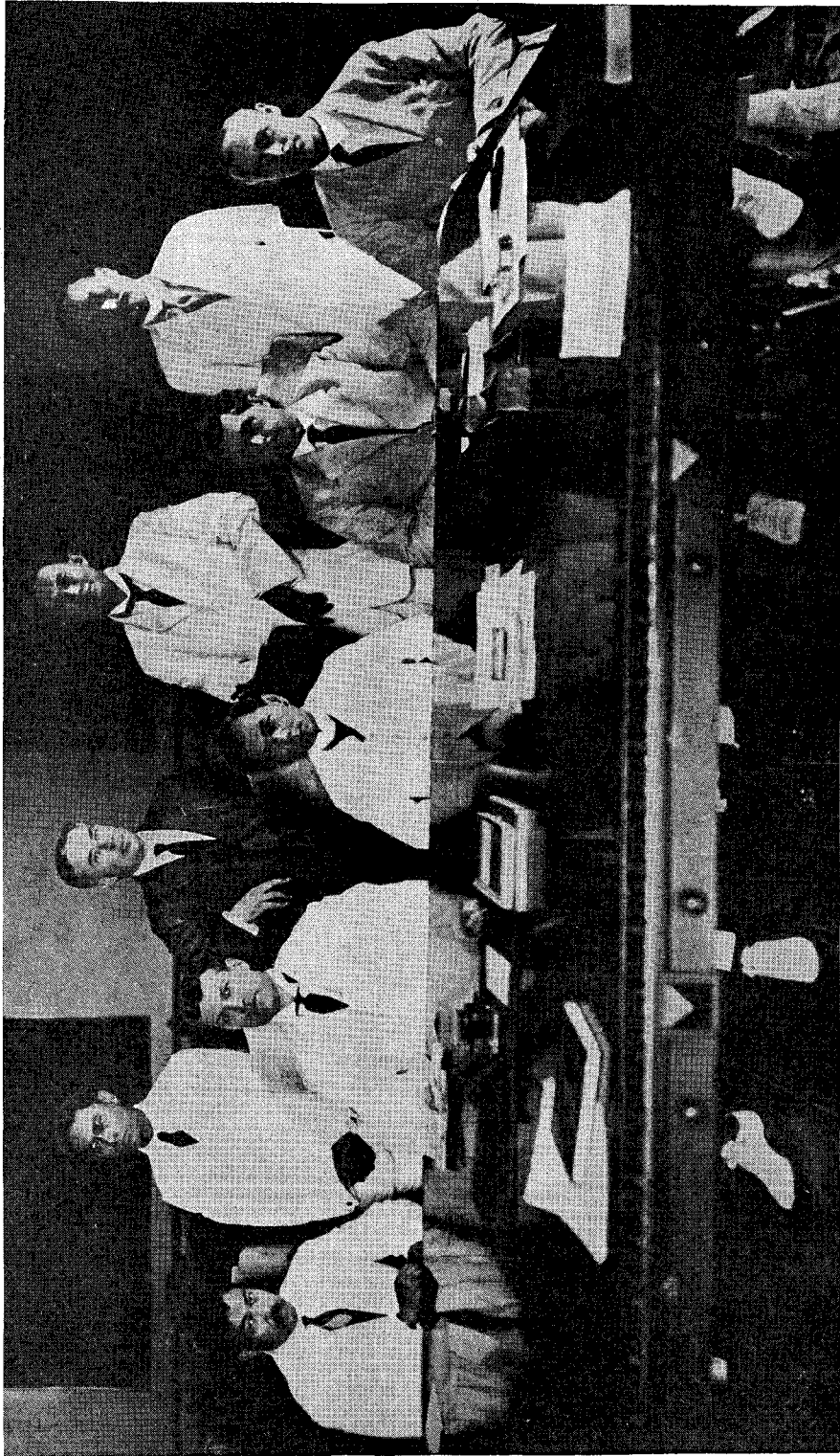
it is constituted to-day. From left to right the members on the bench are :
 Edgar E. Clark, B. H. Myers, and Winthrop M. Daniels



FROM THE PHILADELPHIA NORTH AMERICAN

INTER-STATE COMMERCE COMMISSION AS SEEN BY CARTOONISTS

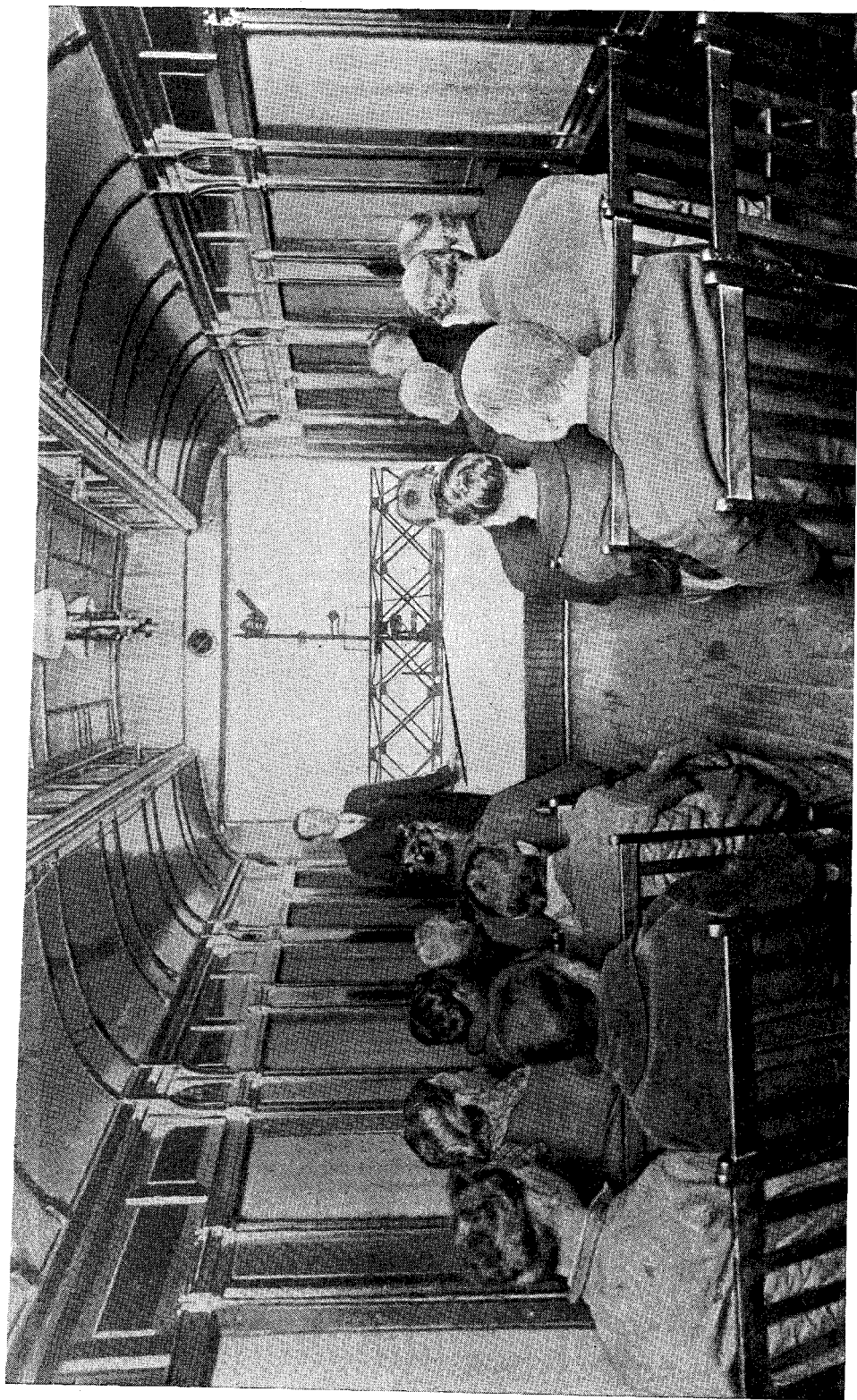
comment



PHOTOGRAPH BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

THE NEW PHILIPPINE COMMISSION

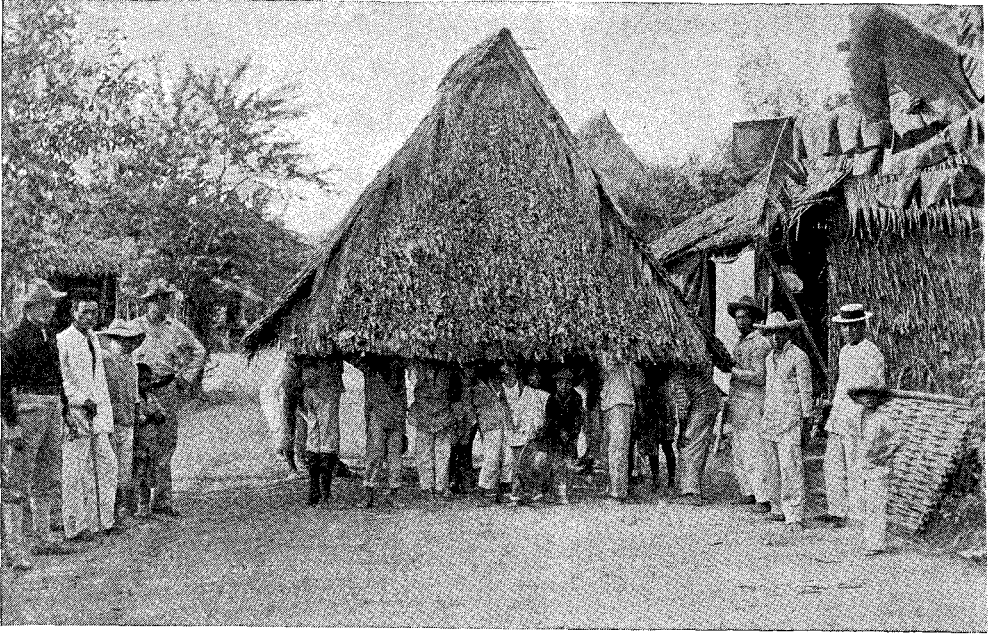
The photograph shows the Commission in session in the Ayuntamiento, or Palace, at Manila. From left to right the nine members of the Commission are: The Hon. Vicente Ilustre, of Manila; the Hon. Jaime C. de Veyra, of Leyte; the Hon. C. L. Riggs, of Maryland, who is Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Police; the Hon. W. T. Denison, of New York, who is Secretary of the Department of the Interior; the Hon. Victoriano Mapa, of Capiz, who is Secretary of the Department of Finance and Justice; the Hon. V. Singson Encarnacion, of Ilocos Sur; the Hon. H. S. Martin, who is Vice-Governor and Secretary of the Department of Public Instruction; the Hon. Rafael Palma, of Manila; and the Hon. Francis Burton Harrison, of New York, who is Governor-General and President of the Commission. These men were all appointed by President Wilson.



A RAILWAY LECTURE HALL

The Chicago and Northwestern Railway has equipped a car as a traveling lecture-room for the instruction of its employees in signaling and interlocking devices by means of stereopticon lectures. One half of the car is devoted to the lecture-room, which seats fifty people; the other half contains the living quarters of the instructor, a photographic room for making lantern slides, etc. The car visits all the important points of the entire system, and lectures are given twice a day

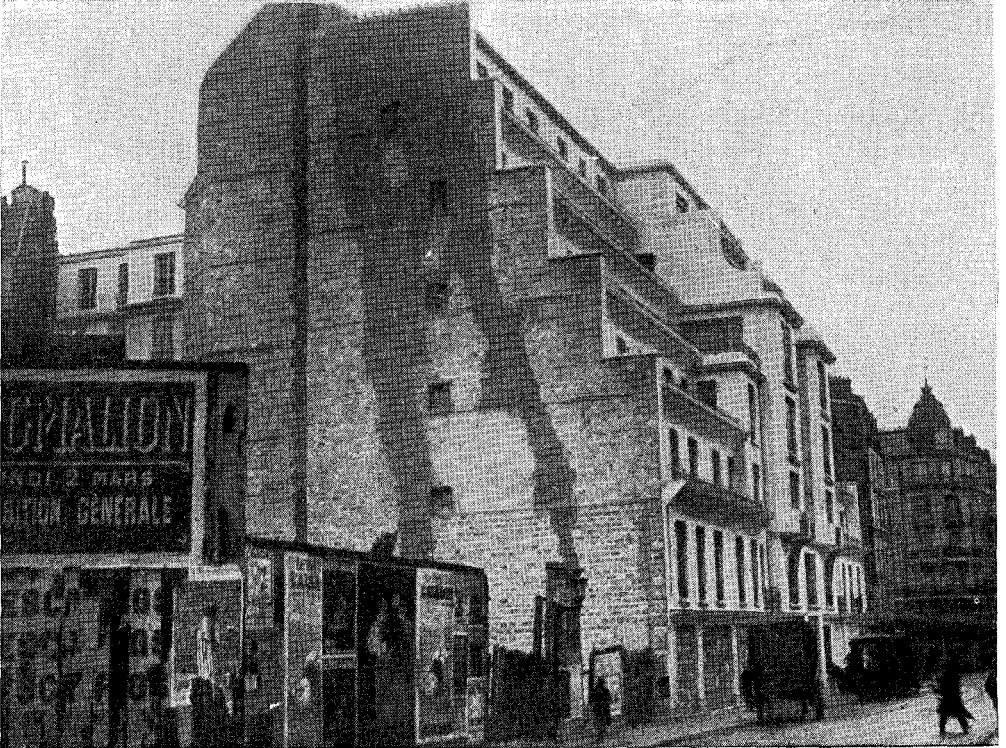
See editorial pages



PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD ROSEBURY

MOVING DAY IN THE PHILIPPINES

Frequently the native Filipinos move their homes from one spot to another, often several miles away. The roof in its entirety is moved first, as shown in illustration. Then the entire four sides are moved at once in the same manner. As the entire frame is of bamboo it is a very easy and light task. The Americans at the left are United States soldiers. Between them stands the mayor of the "barrio" (town)



PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

AN ARCHITECTURAL NOVELTY IN PARIS

This new house, in the Rue Vivienne, through its stepwise construction, gives more air and light to each apartment. There is of course some loss of space as a result of this method of building a house